Mrs. Gandhi's Mission *Alex Campbell*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 2, 1966, 35 cents

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Americans were dismayed to find that the U.S. offer of unconditional negotiations excluded direct talks with the Vietcong (NLF) as a separate party. And they were dismayed by the reluctance of Congress to act or even to discuss the drift toward a land war in Asia.

Even after the hearings by the Foreign Relations Committee, the majority of the Senate remains willing to consent but not to advise.

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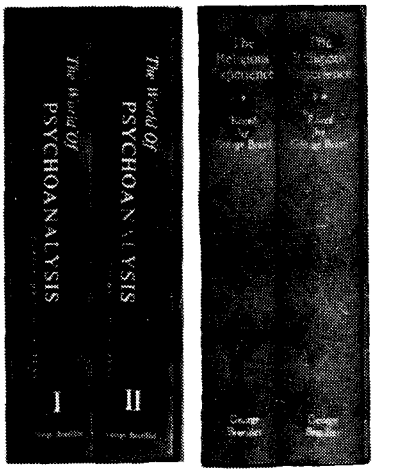

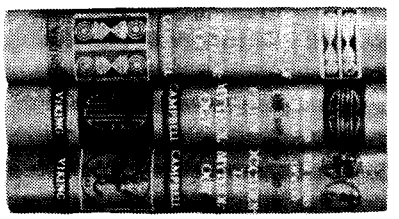

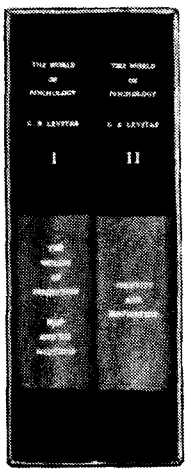

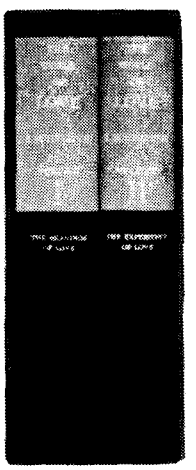

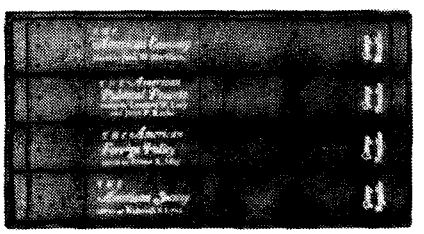

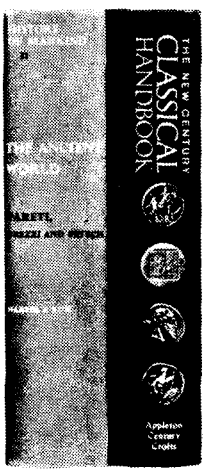

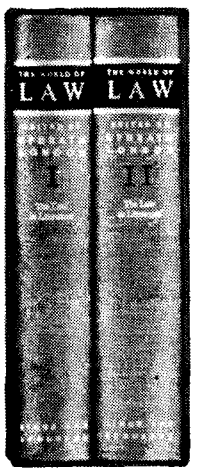

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Family Portrait

★ When John Steinbeck made his celebrated *Travels with Charley* across America he observed, "From start to finish I found no strangers. . . . These are my people and this is my country." And what a variegated populace! At the Census Bureau installation at Jeffersonville, Indiana, they list 30,000 identifiable jobs by title including "tea bag stringer" (ties tags to individual tea bags), "thumb cutter" (operative in globe manufacture), "honey-bun raper" (an operative, disappointingly, at the end of the bakery production line), and "frit maker" who – obviously – makes frits.

Perhaps because it is springtime or because we have been reading an optimistic book, we find ourselves taking an unusually cheerful view of the country. The book is *This USA: An Unexpected Family Portrait of 194,067,296 Americans Drawn from the Census*. It is by sociologist Ben J. Wattenberg, in collaboration with Richard M. Scammon, former director of the Census.

The book says, in short, that America is pretty nice. Well, perhaps. It is comforting to turn away from Vietnam for a minute and think about it. The Census Bureau doesn't ask citizens, Are you happy? But the 1960 Census (on which this 500-page book is based; including 187 pages of statistics) does tell us that in the course of half a century the US raised its educational norm to a point "where young people *typically* graduate from high school."

We could and should do better. But let's once in a while stop and consider what we *have* done. Here is a nation where 25 percent of the youth finish at least one year of college, where 69 percent of the young people graduate from high school, "where a young American *Southern* Negro stands a greater chance of getting some college training than does an English youth."

With a rather suspicious eye we turned to Mr. Wattenberg's analysis of poverty. Let's admit it, he is a congenital optimist. Yet his arrangement of the figures gives perspective to the gloom of Leon Keyserling and Michael Harrington. There is a hard-core, brutal poverty in the US today. It is morally inexcusable. But even our poverty is poverty with a difference. Deaths from "hunger" and "exposure" have disappeared from census figures. Statistically a family living on less than $4,000 per year is in a state of poverty, and on less than $6,000 in a state of privation.

But according to the 1960 Census almost 75 percent of the families "in poverty" own washing machines. A vast majority have TV sets. About 60 percent of them have automobiles available. There's another thing, too, that differentiates our poverty from other countries': many of our statistically poor have hope.

Simeon Strunsky once wrote that people who want to understand democracy should spend less time in the library and more time in the subway. Any subway ride would underline that the US is a polyglot nation of immigrants while most other nations share a single or dual ethnic background. Mr. Wattenberg wants somebody to write an inspiring piece about one of America's "greatest and most colorful minority groups":

"They came here on crowded ships, were resented by the natives and had to struggle mightily for every advance they made against a hostile environment. Despite these handicaps, despite even a skin color different from the native Americans', this hardy group prospered. . . . Like most American minority groups, they made good citizens."

WASP Minority

★ The minority group here facetiously described is, of course, the "White Anglo-Saxon Protestant," further qualified as "native-born, of native parentage." This is the WASP-NN minority. Census statisticians estimate that this supposed "majority" actually comprises less than a third of the American population. (And here, if TRB can interject a note, is something that the Republican Party doesn't understand, though chairman Ray Bliss is trying to explain it to them. The GOP hasn't yet learned that the WASP-NN isn't big enough to win presidential elections any more, though it still holds its strength in towns and rural communities.)

This book is something to dip into rather than to read steadily, but it does give many unexpected and frequently favorable insights into our nation. Death of mothers in childbirth has almost disappeared statistically; people are getting married at a somewhat younger age; the rate of divorce today is no higher than 20 years ago. Family sizes have taken odd shifts: our great-grandparents had six or seven children (an ancestor of TRB's had 20). Families are smaller now, but larger than our parents' generation whose children were two, one or none. For the first time in 1950, and more so in 1960, we are a nation with more women than men (97 males to 100 females).

A compassionate author like Wattenberg naturally tells the husband-hunting young maiden where to go: Alaska (60 percent of population over 18 is male); Hawaii (55 percent), Nevada (52 percent), North Dakota, Montana and Wyoming (all over 51 percent).

National income is flagrantly unequal in the US. It's an easy statistic to remember; the poorest 20 percent gets only five percent of the income; the richest five percent gets 20 percent. The pie is being distributed now just about the way it was when Roosevelt died. Counting from poorest fifth of population to richest, for 1960 the division is (1) five percent; (2) 10 percent; (3) 16 percent; (4) 23 percent; (5) 46 percent.

And here are a few more items. Women of voting age outnumber men by 3.5 million. . . . One in five couples in America lives to celebrate its 50th wedding anniversary. . . . In Hot Springs, Ark., a census enumerator was chased by a duck; in Bluefield, West Va., by a Brahma bull; one enumerator was hit by a thrown beer can; in Charlotte, NC, a woman enumerator was treed by a rooster. . . . Over half (55 percent) of employed women are married. . . . A majority of Catholic children do not attend parochial schools.

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Obscenity and the Law

A divided and troubled Supreme Court decided on March 21 that Ralph Ginzburg must serve a five-year jail sentence for mailing a thing called *Eros*, "a hard-cover magazine of expensive format," another thing called *Liaison*, "a biweekly newsletter," and *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*. These three products of Mr. Ginzburg's enterprise were held to be obscene within the meaning of the old Comstockian federal law, which punishes the mailing of such matter, and outside the protection of the First Amendment. The Court at the same time affirmed a three-year jail term handed by the New York Court to Edward Mishkin of Yonkers for producing and selling some 50 publications that "depict," among other amusements, "such deviations as sado-masochism, fetishism and homosexuality." The covers of Mishkin's "books" often portray "scantily-clad women being whipped, beaten, tortured or abused." But the Court also held that *Fanny Hill* was not obscene and could not be banned in Boston.

It was a grim day in the temple of justice. Mr. Ginzburg's sentence is an outrage. Justice Brennan, writing for a majority of five, allowed that he could not be quite sure that Ginzburg's wares were really obscene. He experienced not a little difficulty, moreover, as he has before now, in articulating a meaningful definition of obscenity. So he helped himself to his conclusion by finding that Ginzburg's advertising, even if, perhaps, not his material "stimulated the reader to accept [the material] as prurient; he looks for titillation, not for saving intellectual content." That is a passage to be pondered!

There is little if anything to be said for Justice Brennan's opinion, or for the majority decision in the Ginzburg case. But this judgment is the beginning of the problem, not the end. The Ginzburg case should have been disposed of by holding that the First Amendment imposes on the federal government a more restricted definition of obscenity than it does on the states, and that Ginzburg's dubious product or his merchandising of that product does not meet that restricted definition. For as Justice Harlan said in dissent, "the dangers of national censorship" are much greater and more pervasive than the menace and inconvenience of various local "bannings-in-Boston," or Grand Rapids. For one thing, the federal government is apt to impose the standards of Grand Rapids on Greenwich Village, whereas Grand Rapids will impose them only on Grand Rapids.

In both the Ginzburg and the New York fetishism, etc., cases, the

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Court might also have said that obscenity is much too vague a term to form an allowable part of the criminal law. However else obscenity might be controlled, it should not be punished criminally, so that a man must hazard his very freedom on the guess that a profitable publication will not be found obscene. Even the concept of "hard-core" obscenity, which is all that Justice Stewart would forbid, is probably too vague. Justice Stewart admitted a couple of years ago that he could not quite define it, although he knew it when he saw it. And Justice Harlan's attempt at a definition is no less slippery – "that prurient material that is patently offensive or whose indecency is self-demonstrating." That makes hard-core obscenity a more subjective standard than is customary in the criminal law.

Censorship by civil process and criminal sanctions are very different things. There is first the harshness of the criminal penalty, as shown in the Ginzburg sentence. Secondly, where criminal penalties are involved, one conducts his business at his peril, whereas censorship by civil process can be brought to bear administratively, with full prior notice of the alleged wrongdoing in each individual case; a chance is given to an offender to desist, to take corrective action.

All this is not to say the Court should have gone along with dissenting Justice Douglas, who believes that the First Amendment renders all publications and utterances immune to all forms of federal and state regulation or control, civil as well as criminal. Justice Douglas would tolerate "no exceptions . . . not even for obscenity." It would be nice if we could have a society in which nothing that others sold or displayed made anyone fear for the future of his children. But we are not that society, and it is hard to protect Mishkin's freedom to make a profit any way he likes, when his particular way is a stench in the nostrils of his community, even though the community would perhaps be better advised to ignore him. What should be protected is the right of adults, consenting sado-masochists, let us say, to write and read – and do – what they like, in private. The states – not the federal government and not through use of the criminal sanctions – should be permitted to regulate and control the Mishkins of this world, but in more sophisticated, more limited ways. Mishkin should be allowed to cater to those who seek out his wares. Beyond that, careful lines need to be drawn. Neither he nor they should be allowed to flaunt these wares in public, or create or enlarge the market for them. That could be discouraged – as is the dumping of one's garbage on the street and a great variety of other nuisances and obnoxious acts – by administrative inspection and regulation. A man should be entitled to have dirty pictures in his inside coat pocket, but they should stay there, and it is not beyond lawmaking ingenuity to see to that, and only to that.

What's Eating Our Allies

President Johnson said last week this country is determined "to preserve and to strengthen the deterrent strength of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization." In a technical military sense that is feasible, even if General de Gaulle withdraws French facilities. But it won't cure NATO's political headaches.

Mr. Johnson put his finger on the trouble when he said NATO came into existence 17 years ago because of "fear of Communist aggression and Communist subversion." Among Europeans, that fear is fast being replaced by hopes of a knitting together of all Europe, including the Soviet Union. What price Cold War, when a rock-ribbed German conservative like ex-Chancellor Adenauer says, as he did in Bonn last week, that "the Soviet Union has entered the ranks of the nations that desire peace"?

No longer terrified of their own Communist Parties or of a Russian military attack, the West Europeans resent dependence on US military power. European politicians now work hard to get domestic mileage out of this resentment. De Gaulle was the first to do so and his success has produced imitators. In the current British electoral campaign Tory leader Ted Heath, who hasn't much else going for him, has experimented with anti-Americanism. In Germany, Chancellor Erhard may be politically embarrassed if de Gaulle's anti-NATO moves enhance Germany's NATO importance – for this will also underscore Erhard's loyalty to a US line.

There isn't much this country can do about its allies' fretfulness over our preponderant military strength. We can't really share our nuclear power with them without encouraging nuclear proliferation, which we are against. All attempts to share such responsibility, like the proposed multilateral force, have flopped.

France and the other 13 European allies might be less envious of US military superiority if they felt less uneasy about US policy. It seems only yesterday that the US was hopping mad over the Europeans trading steel for oil with Russia. Now members of Congress are hopping mad about French and German plans to sell a steel mill to China. These periodic outbursts of irritation don't make our allies act differently; they only sharpen their suspicions that Washington has lost touch with a fast-changing world.

Dead Horsepower

Last year New York City sanitation men picked up 21,751 abandoned cars – 10 times as many cannibalized hulks as in 1960. New York State scrap processors have the capacity to handle about 6,000 cars a day, but salvage has been disrupted by depressed scrap prices.

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The price of No. 2 bundles – the stuff one used-up car makes a ton of – has hovered around $22 a ton for the past five years, down from a high of $42.86 in 1956. Thus the processor can only afford to pay $10 for a hulk. Ten dollars won't pay the towing charge to the junkyard when a car breaks down or is wrecked, and some drivers find it cheaper to dump their cars in the streets than to meet insurance payments or buy new plates. Detroit police estimate that enforcement of rigorous inspection requirements would quadruple the number of abandoned cars. Detroit is currently littered by 2,000 cars a year; Philadelphia and Washington, D. C. by 10,000 and Chicago by 20,000. In all, six million cars are retired from the roads each year, average age at death, 10 years. About a million cars a year are not scrapped, but go to rust in one of the nation's 17,000 junkyards.

The highway beautification bill provided for the screening or removing of junkyards but did nothing to stimulate salvage. Last June, the Senate voted to retain a one-percent auto excise tax, good for $190 million a year, to be used to clean up auto graveyards. Senator Paul H. Douglas proposed using $25 million in the first year to attack the "disposal" problem by providing price supports or subsidies or by building federal processing plants. The Douglas amendment was omitted from the compromise bill, House conferees insisting that Congress, if it so desired, could make direct appropriations for junkyard clearance. The highway beautification bill affects only junkyard aesthetics, but many cars never make it to the graveyard. And cars dumped on the streets are quickly stripped for parts, their windows smashed, seats burned.

Apparently, there is no way to prevent owners from walking away from cars they don't want. Pittsburgh raised the fine for abandonment from $5 to $300, but four of the first five culprits apprehended were unemployed. In Hartford, Connecticut, a survey which located over 1,000 abandoned cars spotted 293 in public-housing projects. New York City has offered to take, free of charge, any old car its owner doesn't want, even to pick it up at the owner's home. Last year fewer than 200 owners took up the offer.

Park-and-run drivers leave a tough problem behind. It may take weeks for the police to identify a car as abandoned, although rule of thumb defines a derelict as a car without license plates. The Sanitation Department, once it has picked up the car, must store it, in some cities for as long as three weeks. Title search must be made. Then the dead car can be disposed of. New York auctioned 7,600 cars last year, recouping $143,000 of an operation which cost over $600,000. Some cities contract with processors to take all abandoned cars; New York buries most of them in landfills.

The Institute of Scrap Iron and Steel deplores auto burial as a waste of resources. It urges that cars not be used to fill in coal mines, swamps or quarries. Nor should cars be used to divert streams or to provide reef-apartments for ocean fish. The Bureau of Mines is trying to find new uses for scrap, new methods of conversion. The Bureau will sponsor construction of a $4-million pilot plant for conversion of scrap to magnetic ore, to be built near the Mesabi range.

The scrap industry is already at work with new machinery. Shredders and fragmentizers with gigantic capacities of between 500 and 1,000 cars a week can chop cars into pellets of a density and purity competitive with the highest grade scrap at about $40 a ton. These machines cost about $2 million, an investment that presupposes a large supply of cars near a big, steady customer. There are half-a-dozen big plants now in operation in Los Angeles, Houston, Kansas City and Chicago. Luria Brothers recently concluded a long-term contract with Ford and will build a $3.5 million plant in Detroit with capacity to chew up 250,000 cars a year. Mobile scrappers, the equivalent of bringing the mountain to Mohammed, are now scouring the countryside. The $20,000 Carbasher, which looks like a road scraper, can flatten 100 cars a day. Mobile shears are available at less than $100,000.

But improved technology may not be enough. More and more cars are leaving the roads each year. Six million retired last year, and the demand for scrap will continue to decline as the steel industry converts to basic oxygen furnaces, which use a third less scrap than open hearths.

What Happened to Farmer?

James Farmer has cause to regret giving up his job as national director of the Congress of Racial Equality. The civil rights leader who helped found CORE 24 years ago quit in December after someone had leaked to newspapers that Farmer was planning to come to Washington to head the new Center for Community-Action Education, an ambitious national literacy program which, Farmer had been led to believe, was about to get a $785,000 Community Action grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity. But the various informal dates set for funding – mid-December, February 15, March 1 – have come and gone and now nobody is predicting when, or if, OEO will come across.

There is no question that literacy centers are needed. There are 11 million functional illiterates in the US – people who have no more than a sixth-grade education – and more than two million adults completely unable to read and write. It has been estimated that the number of adult illiterates is increasing at the rate of about a million a year – so fast that existing programs can-

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not catch up. Universal education has failed these people, and it has failed worst with Negroes. About 7.5 percent of US Negroes are illiterate, as compared with 1.6 percent of whites.

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare, through the Office of Education, already has an adult basic education program in which 234,000 persons have enrolled. Although it has handled more students in its first year than originally anticipated, it is still only a token effort. The HEW program has the further drawback of working through existing school systems, which have already failed dropouts once, and where racial discrimination is not always just a memory.

Farmer planned in the first stage of his program to set up literacy training centers in 18 localities, recruit indigenous local directors, assistants and volunteer teachers. Programmed instruction materials would be geared to the interests of adults and provide content that would, hopefully, stir interest in participation in the community, in voting and in using new skills. Graduates of the literacy program might go on to instruction in arithmetic and other skills and eventually be placed in jobs as teaching aides, hospital aides or with corporations Farmer is now dickering with. A guaranteed job would be the best incentive to enter the literacy program.

Like HEW's effort, the Center would start small, but it would have several advantages. For one thing, it has the promised cooperation of civil rights groups, unions and churches, who have entry to the ghetto. By working independently of local school systems, Farmer thinks the centers might avoid unpleasant recollections dropouts have of their earlier training.

The Center for Community-Action Education is not in competition with HEW. Both Commissioner of Education Harold Howe II and Edward W. Brice, Assistant to the Secretary for Education, have written to OEO recommending funding of the Farmer program.

But Adam Clayton Powell is chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee, which oversees the poverty program. And Mr. Powell does not much like Mr. Farmer or his Center for Community-Action Education. And no one at OEO or HEW is eager to displease Congressman Powell.

At one point in the poverty subcommittee's recent hearings, HEW officials seemed to melt under Mr. Powell's hot questioning. "Now is it not possible," he inquired, "for the Department of Adult Basic Education, the Bureau or Division, whatever you call it, to carry on the adult education and literacy program *without setting up a new outside agency?*"

Brice hedged: "The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has had a long and persistent experience in building education programs for disadvantaged groups; therefore, I feel that the national thrust or focus in administration control of such a program might very well be vested in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare."

This did not completely satisfy Chairman Powell, who then asked Secretary John Gardner if it would be possible for him to "suggest to the chairman of the committee some strengthening amendments and guidelines so that we can utilize the resources of your department *without having to go off on a separate basis and set up a new project?*" Gardner answered that he certainly would be willing to discuss that.

Mr. Powell, who tires easily of subtlety, could tell he was getting nowhere: "It is within our jurisdiction here to make the decision," he asserted. "I would like some cooperation from you and Dr. Brice. I recognize that you are new in this position. . . ."

Strengthening the HEW program is necessary, but there will still be plenty of illiterates left over for the fresh approach of James Farmer. And if OEO does not provide the cash, he plans to look for private funding. At last, the decision to underwrite the Center for Community-Action Education is OEO's. The forms approving the grant reportedly have been dated, signed, redated and re-signed by members of the OEO bureaucracy. But the final say is Sargent Shriver's, and so far he hasn't signed anything.

GM Comes Clean

The enormous, ornate Senate caucus room was tightly packed with spectators last week as executives of General Motors told Senator Abraham Ribicoff's committee how they plotted to spy on Ralph Nader.

Mr. Aloysius Power, the general counsel, ran the show for GM. He said he got the idea Nader might be "the mystery man" behind 106 lawsuits involving $40-million in claims against GM by reading magazines and papers that carried excerpts from Nader's book, *Unsafe at Any Speed*. A chapter in the book is devoted to the Corvair. Power ordered a background investigation in Nader's home town of Winsted, Connecticut, last November, but it didn't turn up much. In early January, Miss Eileen Murphy, who keeps the law library at GM, was dispatched to Washington where she met Richard Danner, a former FBI agent and now an attorney with Alvord & Alvord. Miss Murphy knew Danner from her days in the library of the Justice Department. Miss Murphy said GM needed a background investigation done on Nader, and Danner agreed to get the detectives. He then called up Vincent Gillen, another former FBI agent working as a private investigator in New York. Gillen took the job, and subcontracted parts of it to Management Consultants, Boston, and Arundel Investigative Agency, Saverna Park,

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Maryland. (Not Allied Investigating Service as suggested here three weeks ago.) Both agencies are run by ex-FBI men. In making their inquiries, the detectives agreed to use the pretext of a pre-employment investigation. Gillen put out the following instructions to his net on Nader: "The above mentioned is a free-lance writer and attorney. Recently he published a book, *Unsafe at Any Speed*, highly critical of the automotive industry's interest in safety. Since then our client's client made some cursory inquiries into Nader to ascertain his expertise, his interests, his background, etc. They have found out relatively little about him. . . . Our job is to check his life and current activities, to determine 'what makes him tick,' such as his real interest in safety, his supporters, if any, his politics, his marital status, his friends, his women, boys, etc., drinking, dope, jobs – in fact, all facets of his life. This may entail surveillance which will be undertaken only upon OK of Vince Gillen."

On January 13, 1966, the Ribicoff committee announced Nader would be a witness. None of Gillen's inquiries was turning up much information, and on January 26, in a meeting, Danner and Gillen decided to put Nader under surveillance. He was picked up and tailed beginning February 4. Detectives followed him about the city, into banks, restaurants where they watched who he dined with, what he ate and drank. They got the license plate numbers of taxicabs he took. The surveillance was discontinued at 4:30 p.m. February 9, because Nader had not appeared since 3:30 when he entered the offices of *The New Republic*. The detectives called Danner and he told them to tail Nader on a spot basis. Nader testified before the Ribicoff committee the next day, February 10. On February 11, Gillen's detectives were discovered in the New Senate Office Building where they had gone to pick up Nader, and were tossed out by the guards. (It is a federal crime to harass, impede or intimidate a congressional witness. The maximum penalty is five years in prison.)

Gillen denied his men made harassing phone calls to Nader, that they followed him in Philadelphia or in Des Moines, and he said women were not used as lures to trap him. Gillen said he did use a fictitious name to get the interview with Frederick Hughes Condon, the crippled lawyer in Concord, New Hampshire, to whom Nader dedicated his book. When he got to Condon's office, Gillen correctly identified himself. Gillen told the committee about parts of that interview: "I asked if at Harvard where they had been law school classmates, they had 'double-dated.' Condon said no, and explained that he, Condon, was married and living with his wife off campus. He believed that Nader lived in a rooming house. I asked if he had ever met any of Nader's girl friends or had seen him with a girl. Condon said, 'Oh, if you are concerned about that don't worry about Ralph. He's all right,' or words to that effect. We then had a casual discussion regarding the difficulty such an intelligent fellow with a wide range of interests has to find a suitable girl to marry. It certainly was not my intent in that casual talk to pry further into that aspect. . . .

"Please keep in mind the pretext. Any investigator conducting a pre-employment background investigation of a mature, healthy, intelligent unmarried man who apparently has sufficient income to support a wife, must ask questions of this nature. . . ."

Gillen's men asked whether Nader was anti-Semitic: "Virtually everyone we talked with in Winsted cautioned us not to attribute to Ralph the attitude and obvious feelings of some members of his family. In fairness to Ralph, we had to ask that question of all those with whom he associated during his adult life. I am happy to state that none of the people we interviewed believes Ralph Nader is anti-Semitic. . . ."

Gillen's reports were filed on an almost weekly basis beginning February 7 and ending March 4 to Danner who relayed them, unedited, to Miss Murphy in the general counsel's office at GM. There they were scrutinized by men working on the Corvair cases, as well as by both Louis Bridenstine, the assistant general counsel, and Power himself. The reports contained in a thick, blue volume turned over to the committee cost GM $6,700, and according to the senators who read them contained little if anything about Nader's relations to clients or attorneys in the Corvair cases. Most of the investigatory reports concerned his personal life.

Mr. James Roche, president of GM, said he first learned of the investigation March 8 when, ironically, he was preparing to issue a denial. He apologized to the committee, and to Mr. Nader and said it would not happen again. Roche was accompanied to the witness table by Theodore Sorensen, who had been hastily retained as counsel. This apparently was an effort to blunt the expected attack from Robert Kennedy, who had been eager for the hearing, to enhance the statesmanlike pose Roche was assuming, and to snatch a bit of good publicity. Kennedy was sharp nonetheless; if anything, Sorensen looked foolish when first Roche and then Power misquoted a Supreme Court decision to make it seem the reverse of what it actually said. Sorensen sat like a Buddha most of the time, and joined only with Roche in laughing at Gillen who was meant to serve as fall guy for the company. But if that were the intent, it was lost on Gillen. He was clearly fascinated by the whole show, every so often pulling out of his pocket a miniature camera and clicking off pictures of the senators in action. As for his role in the case he said, "I attempted to do a job for my client and frankly I think we did a darn good one."

James Ridgeway

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D.D.

Any of many adjectives describes, partially, David Dubinsky, who retires in June as president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union: "dynamic," "ebullient," "puckish," "prophetic," "cunning." At the Union's convention in Miami last May, when some journalists were speculating that Dubinsky, then 73, might step down, a speaker mocked them by noting that the chief rose earlier than the writers and worked later. "Why should he retire?" he asked. There were two major considerations. Dubinsky had taken over the presidency of the ILGWU during the Great Depression, when it was thinned in membership, disrupted by Communist factionalism, and virtually penniless. He was told he would be the union's undertaker. The new president walked up to his fourth-floor office, because the elevator wasn't running; the union couldn't pay its electricity bill. The next two decades, Dubinsky goaded and flailed the ILGWU to a position of affluence and extraordinary prestige. He leaves it with about $97-million in its General Fund and $400 million held in trust for welfare and retirement benefits.

"We are known as 'Dubinsky's union'," one of his vice presidents commented recently, "not because we belong to him, but because he has given so much of himself to us." Tough-minded even about himself, D.D. recognized that the presidency of the ILGWU would have to be passed on to another man fairly soon – "a year more or less doesn't matter" – and he wanted the transition to be orderly.

Dubinsky's reasons for retiring are, however, less significant than the fact that his departure marks the closing of an era. In the 'thirties, when he first emerged as a national figure, some of his associates thought he ought to improve his English, which had, and still has, a distinctly Yiddish flavor. Dubinsky himself never saw the need: "I am a Jewish worker, and I am proud of it." He wanted to be accepted as he was, a product of the Jewish-Socialist tradition under whose influence he had come as an idealistic youngster in Czarist Russia, and of New York's old East Side when it was the world's foremost Jewish ghetto and a fermenting vat for radical philosophies, alien cultures and impassioned individualists. Younger staff members of the union were known to make wry comments when Dubinsky recalled, as he did periodically, his imprisonment in a Czarist jail as a boy of 16 for union activity. That past has remained as vivid for him, and as relevant, as his frequent visits to the White House over 30 years.

Though he left the Socialist Party in 1936 to support Roosevelt – "it was not an easy matter for me," he said at the time – he continued to be animated by its social idealism. In this respect, he is perhaps closer to Norman Thomas than he is to George Meany. More successfully than anyone else, he has carried the dreams of the old East Side, and a consciousness of its pain, into the main currents of American labor and American society. The dreams were pruned back, sometimes savagely, but Dubinsky would argue that the important thing is to make a beginning.

One of his closest aides describes the ILGWU under Dubinsky as a "cross between a theological seminary, a school in accountancy, and a marine boot camp with classes conducted in Biblical quotes in Hebrew, peasant witticisms in Russian, folk wisdom in Yiddish, rule-of-thumb in shop talk, fiscal responsibility in cold figures, and backbone in Mosaic anger."

Throughout, Dubinsky has been a "principal" acting from the center of his own beliefs. In 1926, long before other democratic organizations fully understood what wreckage Communist infiltration could produce, Dubinsky did battle to keep the union from Communist control. In 1934, he led an ILGWU convention out of a Chicago hotel because it had mistreated Negro delegates. He helped to establish the CIO because he believed that industrial unions offered the only hope of organizing the mass production industries; but he later led the ILGWU back into the AFL and helped engineer the reunification of the labor movement, because he thought that this was essential for labor's progress.

Once, when John L. Lewis described himself as a "lone labor man," Dubinsky replied, "we are both in the same boat." It was widely assumed last fall that he would not risk offending President Johnson, with whom he has been especially close, by putting his union and the Liberal Party, in which the ILGWU is a major influence, behind the mayoralty candidacy of John Lindsay, a Republican. Those who made that assumption did not understand Dubinsky. His regard for Roosevelt came close to reverence, but in one instance, when he thought that FDR was behaving badly, he refused to accept a call from him.

Mr. Dubinsky is still the honorary president of the union; his presence will no doubt be felt in its inner councils. He remains a member of the AFL-CIO's executive committee, and, next to Mr. Meany, perhaps its most powerful member. He is first vice chairman of the Liberal Party, to which he may now give more of his time. Louis Stulberg, an able man who steps into the ILGWU presidency, remarked that his predecessor's shoes will be "almost impossible" to fill. Not "almost"; there will have to be a different pair of shoes.

THE EDITORS

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The Case Against a Tax Increase

by Edwin L. Dale Jr.

Nearly two years ago in this journal, at a time when men of good will were worried to the point of despair about automation, the flood of teen-agers into the labor market and the supposed disappearance of jobs for the unskilled, and when unemployment was 5.5 percent, I was lucky enough to write: "My proposition . . . is that general fiscal and monetary measures of the government to expand total demand . . . will all by themselves solve the unemployment problem. And by solve it I mean reduce unemployment, by our normal statistical definitions, to 3.5 percent or less of the labor force in two or three years." Reaction of readers was almost uniformly disbelieving.

In the intervening time, spurred by measures such as the 1964 tax cut, aggregate demand has risen by just under $50 billion a year, a rattling big increase. The war in Vietnam has helped it rise faster in the past nine months than it would have risen otherwise, but up to now this extra effect of defense spending has been small – an annual rate of $5 billion at most, in a $700 billion economy. Presumably nearly everybody now agrees that demand is the main cure for unemployment, and among the "everybody" are Sargent Shriver and Willard Wirtz. Unemployment, at this writing, is 3.7 percent of the labor force and heading down, and the biggest growth in jobs for nearly two years has been among the relatively unskilled. Negroes have benefited at least as much as whites.

But now there arises a serious question. Granted that the old worries about "automation" and "chronic" unemployment are out of date for all but a tiny fraction of our working-age people, whose problems the government is trying to tackle, there remains the issue of whether we can safely press on to drive unemployment well below 3.7 or even 3.5 percent, and by the same method as before: expansion of aggregate demand.

The question arises because that is precisely the direction in which we are heading. Can we let 'er rip some more without a damaging and dangerous inflation? If the government does nothing to *brake* demand, we will move to even lower levels of unemployment. The issue is no longer whether we *can* get lower unemployment from expanding demand, but whether we *should*. The following argument that we should do so – that we should let 'er rip a while longer – is made with far less assurance than the argument of two years ago. But it seems to me worth making because now, once again, the conventional wisdom (even among economists this time, in contrast with the earlier period) is saying that we cannot safely do so.

Thus, this is the case against a tax increase. It is the case against braking demand and the boom itself. It is the case in favor of going for broke – for an unemployment level of three percent, or even possibly less. It is a gambler's case, for it has risks.

The case is in four parts.

First, we can drive the economy harder because Americans can get an astonishing amount out of bailing wire on the old machine or a day's work out of a dropout. This country can produce more, and employ more, and thereby make supply rise to meet demand.

There are, after all, still three million unemployed (even if most now have not been unemployed for long) – and two-thirds of them have some previous work experience. There is, granting the grave deficiencies of the statistic, about eight percent of industrial capacity not working, on the average, though there are differences among industries. Salesmen for chemical products, books, drugs, tractors and a host of other things are still on the road looking for orders. The admen are still trying to sell a few more Buicks and stainless-steel blades. Prices are actually going down for many man-made fibers, and there is certainly no scarcity of toasters or transistor radios, let alone cars.

In a word, this country's capacity to produce is not exhausted. To drive the economy harder means more jobs, not actual shortages of anything that matters. If rising demand brings forth more supply, inflation will not be serious. Every additional point on the industrial-production index now means several score thousand jobs. Why not see whether the alleged "hard core" unemployment is really so hard core? We got down to 2.5 percent unemployment in the Korean war because the war pushed us into an expansionary policy. Why not try again, even if the war in Vietnam ends? The fiscal and monetary tools are there, war or no war. We shall never know how hard we can push this economy without serious inflation until we try.

Second, there is the matter of "restraint" – otherwise known as guideposts. Here the real world is remark-

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ably different from the public image, but in two contrasting ways.

It is entirely true, as critics of the government's anti-inflationary guideposts have contended, that they have no application at all to a tremendous number of prices and wages in the economy, probably the big majority.

Ask Armour or Swift, or their dozens of smaller competitors, whether the guideposts could possibly govern meat prices. Ask a drug or supermarket chain or a bank whether guideposts influence the wages of their counter clerks. Ask a steel scrap dealer or a merchant in cattle hides whether the guideposts have anything to do with the prices they get.

Labor and the Guideposts

As George Meany huffs and puffs about the inequity of the guideposts for labor – with considerable justification, because the 3.2 percent figure for wage increases can be fair only if average consumer prices do not rise at all, and of course prices do rise – he understandably neglects to mention that organized labor does not set wage levels. Less than one-fourth of the labor force is unionized. The newspaper front pages, when they discuss union attitudes toward the guideposts, discuss something of less than earthshaking importance. Most wages in this country are in fact set in the classic marketplace, and nonunion wages are now probably rising faster than union wages.

And yet with all that said, the critics do not do the guideposts full justice. For the guideposts have changed human attitudes in some specific situations, and thus they have kept wages and prices here and there lower than they otherwise would have been.

With almost no notice, the unions of federal government employees have accepted a guidepost award this year. There is no doubt that last year's fairly moderate steel settlement was made possible because the guideposts gave a figure the government intervenors use. Steel, aluminum, newsprint and cigarette prices have gone up less, because of the guideposts, than they would have gone up 10 years ago. Although no one can prove the case, it is the pragmatic guess of this writer that even the construction unions, despite their words, will in fact settle for somewhat smaller gains (though still, of course, in excess of the guideposts) this year, just because of the existence of a somewhat organized public opinion.

In short, "restraint" – *i.e.* guideposts – will have some moderating influence where men, rather than pure economic forces, have an influence over decisions. The effect will be modest, but it will exist. To the extent it exists, it makes safer a policy of driving the economy harder.

Third, there is the issue of how much inflation we can tolerate. Dropouts will be employed, bailing wire will keep machines going, and Roger Blough of US Steel will act the statesman. But still prices will rise if we drive the economy as we are doing. They have risen already. How much is too much?

I do not know. I suggest, however, that we can tolerate a price rise on the order of three percent or even four percent over a short period of about one year if that rate of price increase does not last.

Germany, France, Sweden and Holland have done so without grave difficulty, for more than a year. All have driven unemployment well below our levels. Britain has done so too. But Britain is in trouble and the others are not. The reason, of course, is that mysterious thing called the balance of payments.

The argument here could go on forever. Briefly, my contention is that the American balance of payments, and in particular our trade surplus, is far more immune from price and even wage movements than those of European nations.

We export only four percent of our total output of goods and services, far less than any European country, and a moderate upward change in our price level is unlikely to have any big impact on our share of the world market (just as our recent price stability by comparison with our competitors has not increased our market share).

In Britain, a higher level of wages or prices, or both, matters a great deal to the maintenance of the value of the nation's currency *vis-à-vis* others; I seriously doubt that this is so in the case of the United States, within the limits we are talking about. Caterpillar Tractor machines will continue to be sold abroad because of quality, not price. Our gold loss will not increase, and the dollar will certainly not be devalued, if our price rise hits even four percent for a while.

Apart from the balance of payments, there is of course the argument that inflation is unjust. It is. I am simply suggesting that unemployment – even if now it is not as long-term as it was and is very low among family breadwinners – is more unjust. Economists rightly talk of the "trade-off" between so much inflation versus so much less unemployment. Fair enough. I am choosing lower unemployment and accepting somewhat more inflation, though as argued above, I doubt that the inflation will be as bad as the worriers fear.

Fourth and last, there is the problem of "overbraking." All of us are agreed on one thing: we want the expansion to continue and to avoid a recession. Those who favor applying the brakes do so, in complete good faith, on the ground that this will prolong, not shorten, the expansion. However, for better or worse, we are already using the brake of a tighter monetary policy, whose effects are likely to be powerful later this year. In addition, the normal growth of our tax revenues,

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plus another social security tax increase next January, will move fiscal policy in the direction of restraint early next year. Thus, a tax increase request now, allowing for the fact that it could not be in effect before June or July at the earliest, might well "bite" at just the wrong time, when the economy was ready to slow down of its own accord.

This is no more than a statement of a risk. The other side claims the greater risk to sustained prosperity is to let inflationary pressure mount, for there will be an inevitable post-inflation recession. No man can say for certain which view is right. But it is worth pointing out that the boom is good for us, not bad; a hangover is not inevitable; perhaps we should hold our fire at least until we see the bloodshot in its eyes. As President Johnson has pointed out, not all the economic indicators even now are screaming "inflation."

Once again the case comes down to a gamble: Why not go for broke? Has anybody noticed that there are no riots in Cleveland or Detroit lately, or in West Virginia, or even in Newark or Harlem? Full employment does not solve everything, but it solves some things. Maybe if we let 'er rip, even people in Watts will find ways to get to work.

Nobody wants to exceed the speed limit. But slow drivers can be dangerous, too. Until we know what the speed limit is, why not test it? Other countries have achieved genuinely full employment. Why not us?

Mrs. Gandhi's Mission

What India Wants from the US

by Alex Campbell

New Delhi

This country is facing its biggest crisis since independence, two decades ago, and urgently requires American help to overcome it. A very high official here says, "India is teetering between success and failure, and we'll probably know by August which it's to be." Thus, the meeting in Washington this month between Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and Lyndon Johnson could be crucial.

Indians, who are no better than the rest of us at guessing what goes on inside President Johnson's head, are asking nervously if, as the price of aid to India, he will ask Mrs. Gandhi to stand up and be counted alongside the US over Vietnam. They also wonder if he will demand from her some gesture like cutting down the number of Indian soldiers confronting Pakistan, to get the Kashmir problem settled so that India can help the US "contain" China.

Perhaps the Indians are being overly apprehensive. Possibly Mr. Johnson will gladly offer India the aid it so badly needs, without imposing on Mrs. Gandhi any awkward conditions. If so, New Delhi will release a pent-up sigh of relief. For although it can be papered over with bland ambiguities about wanting peace and abominating war, a gulf exists between Indian and American official thinking about vital Asian problems. Indians detect with some alarm that even friendly well-informed Americans are inclined to read their own meanings into Indian attitudes; on China, for example. It's no secret that ever since October, 1962 India has regarded the Chinese with sharp suspicion and bitter resentment. China's Himalayan attack that year put the Indian army, the country's pride and joy, to shame. It cruelly revealed that a lot of surface spit and polish and Sandhurst posturing – Indian generals still speak English and call one another "old boy" – covered up a great deal of Indian slovenliness. Last year, Indian dislike of China was reinflamed when the Chinese once more fired off guns in the Himalayas, this time in concert with a brief but destructive summer war between India and Pakistan. But none of this means, for a moment, that India is now willing to stand shoulder to shoulder with the US, in a military sense, to "contain" China. To imagine it does, and that India's 825,000-man army can be confidently counted a factor in that particular crusade, could be the American mistake of the century.

Americans here talk of India as a great anti-Communist counterweight to Red China. Some of them envisage India joining hands with Japan and other Asian countries to thwart Chinese designs. There is currently

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a growing cordiality between India and Japan – the Japanese have offered much-needed rice – and many Indians like to think of their large country outrivaling China as a model for Asians. But if this is "containment" of China, it is very different from what Americans mean who use the word. For one thing, all the Chinese whips and scorpions have not budged India from its position, conceived in the far-off days when Chinese and Indians – and Russians too – were brothers, that the Republic of China (Chiang) is a fraud and the People's Republic of China (Mao) ought to be in the United Nations.

But Vietnam is the sharpest illustration of how Indian thinking differs from official Washington thinking. If President Johnson, as he well may, asks Mrs. Gandhi why India doesn't send at least a medical unit to South Vietnam, her answer is likely to surprise him. She will tell him it would do no good for India to send a team of doctors to South Vietnam, unless simultaneously India sent one to North Vietnam as well. One-sided Indian help, to South Vietnam only, would cripple India for the role it hopes to play in Vietnam later on. India expects to be able to use its position on the International Control Commission, under the 1954 and 1962 Geneva agreements, to help with a cease-fire and to bring about a compromise peace in Vietnam and in Laos also. The Indian leaders can't believe that the people who are fighting so toughly against the Americans in Vietnam will let themselves come meekly under China's thumb, even though they too are Communists. Hardly any Indian doubts that peace in Southeast Asia necessarily entails a coalition government in Vietnam that includes the Viet Cong, and another in Laos that includes the Pathet Lao. "Containment" of China, by Indian definition, involves a neutral Southeast Asia, with neutrality extending not only to Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, but also to Thailand and Burma and Malaysia. If this is also what President Johnson, Secretary Rusk and William P. Bundy mean by "containment," domestic critics of the Administration will have to eat the hats through which they have been talking.

In spite of the Tashkent negotiations between India and Pakistan that Russia, to its great credit, sponsored and at which Mrs. Gandhi's predecessor as Prime Minister, Lal Bahadur Shastri, tragically died, there is not much chance of Mrs. Gandhi pleasing Mr. Johnson by announcing a Kashmir solution. India and Pakistan have withdrawn their forces to the positions they occupied before last year's fighting broke out. Ministers of the two countries have met amicably in Rawalpindi, and propose to meet again, later on, in New Delhi. There is even talk of regular meetings between the two cabinets. The Indians are convinced they beat the pants off the Pakistanis and restored the honor of the Indian army which the Chinese had dented. Pakistan, they seem to believe, has had its lesson, and won't try military action again. Nevertheless, so long as Pakistan voices any kind of claim to the Vale of Kashmir, so long must the Indian army be watching the Pakistan frontier.

India and China

This obviously complicates the question of American aid. India is spending about $2 billion on defense, a quarter of the national budget and close to five percent of the gross national product. The 1965 war led to an abrupt cutoff of American aid to India. If Mrs. Gandhi asks for more aid, President Johnson may wonder aloud if India's expensive watch of the Pakistan frontier is really necessary.

American advocates of more US aid to India tend to rely to a great extent on the counterweight-to-China theory. How, they ask, can India be a counter to China if it's teetering on the edge of failure? Indians agree, but only up to a point. They're less fearful of failure – "there won't be a famine this year, but even if there is, we'll somehow muddle through." And they think of themselves as a counterweight in other than military terms. Mrs. Gandhi says India doesn't want to have a Bomb even though China has two. It's by being a political, social and economic success that India hopes to balance China. Indians point out that at Afro-Asian meetings they counter Chinese influence by using arguments which Africans and Asians accept in preference to Peking's. These arguments, however – for patience, for neutrality, for some kind of socialism as the best answer to Communism – are not ones the State Department or the CIA could or would use. The vital question is: Is Washington prepared to back this kind of Indian counterweight with big money?

Right now, it has to be faced that though India is freer, China is stronger. China has managed to break into the nuclear club virtually unaided. In contrast to India, China is a net donor not a receiver of aid. China's foreign exchange position is better, thanks largely to the $500 million or so earned yearly through Hong Kong. China's teeming millions probably are getting more calories per head than India's teeming millions. (There are about 650 million Chinese, about 500 million Indians.) The Chinese grow twice as much food per acre as the Indians do (the Japanese grow 12 times as much per acre as the Indians).

But India and China are both still on a razor's edge. Each adds 12 million or so people to its vast population each year. The Chinese economy seems to have recovered from the Great Leap Forward that actually proved to be a Great Slide Backward; but China, like India, is suffering now from drought, and mass starva-

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tion probably was avoided earlier only by abandoning the communes in a hurry, and encouraging the peasants to produce surpluses of food by letting them profit from doing so. China was severely hit by the cutting-off of Soviet aid, at the end of the fifties. Now India is having its time of troubles. The war with Pakistan resulted in the cutting-off of US aid, drought has ruined the crops and the fourth Indian Five-Year Plan is held up because there is no foreign exchange.

Mao Tse-tung has confessed that Chinese youth lack zeal for the Revolution, perhaps are bored with it. The government's bid to speed production by creating labor heroes, the Chinese equivalent of Stakhanovs whom it hoped the workers would strive to emulate, seems to have flopped. China's present leaders are old, their likely successors are at least middle-aged, and none of them seems to have much understanding of the current generation at home or abroad.

But India's political troubles are already upon it. One Indian newspaper editor says that the political mood of the country is a mixture of cynicism and apathy, and that Mrs. Gandhi's new cabinet contains the same old, tired faces. The Congress Party is in firm control of about three-fifths of the seats in the national parliament and barring disasters will probably retain its huge majority in next year's elections. But the party badly needs new blood, and is not getting it because young people in India despise the politicians and are reluctant to enter politics.

There is a lot of unrest. City mobs riot, demanding food. The Congress Party reluctantly decided this month to grant the Sikhs a Punjabi-speaking State; Sikh uproar for a State of their own coincided with armed rebellions the Indian army is trying to put down at the other side of India, in Assam, among Mizo and Naga tribesmen. Students and Communists burn streetcars and smash government property in Calcutta and elsewhere in West Bengal. The clamor for Dravidistan, a separate South India, has died down for the moment but is expected to revive again.

It's not well known abroad that India has, in fact, been under a form of martial law ever since October 1962, when the President of India proclaimed a state of grave emergency. Parliament proceeded to enact the Defense of India Rules, otherwise known as DIR, and since then about 50,000 people have been arrested under them (though of course not all of these are, or were, in jail at the same time). DIR suspended fundamental rights that had been laid down in the Indian constitution; the rights that are suspended include freedom of speech and of assembly, and freedom to practice a profession or carry on a business. Under DIR, State legislators could be, have been and are now being arrested. Moreover, a presidential order denies a right of appeal to the courts, including the right to apply for a writ of habeas corpus. Practically anyone, in short, can be clapped into "preventive detention," and kept there for as long as the "emergency" lasts; and this has been precisely the fate of Communist and other members of legislative assemblies in Kerala and in West Bengal. Perhaps the most distinguished, and most tragic victim of DIR is Sheikh Abdullah of Kashmir, who after 11 years in jail on Nehru's order was released by Nehru shortly before the latter's death, then was rearrested very soon after it and is now once more in jail, this time somewhere in South India.

Continuation of the emergency legislation has been protested by, among many others, three former chief justices of India, several ordinary judges, and a former attorney general and president of the Indian Bar Association. It was widely believed that Mrs. Gandhi, when she became Prime Minister, would heed those pleas and end the "emergency." But then came the West Bengal riots, the Sikh agitation and the Mizo violence in Assam. So DIR continues, as do the arrests.

All this frequently leads observers to conclude gloomily that the outcome can only be the breakup of the unity of the country, unless some kind of dictatorship – left-wing, right-wing or military – gets in power first. Such a conclusion is probably quite wrong. India is a very large country – as big as all Europe without Russia – and is hardened to mob violence, which has erupted at intervals over the past 40 years and more. The mass of the people seem almost inexhaustibly stoical (otherwise, conditions in India being what they are, they would never survive). Despite everything, India *is* a democracy; the Congress Party has enormous powers, but it is a genuine majority party with genuine popular support which the opposition parties, of the left or the right, have completely failed to shake in the 20 years since independence. These facts of Indian life ensure that though Mrs. Gandhi's task will be enormously difficult, it need not be impossible.

What Sort of Woman Is She?

What sort of woman is she? First and foremost, a seasoned professional politician. Her father was so keen to make a politician of her that he did not allow her to read fairy tales as a child but reared her on political theory and history. She has been an active member of the Congress Party since her teens (she is now 48). She is not physically strong; her mother died of tuberculosis, and Mrs. Gandhi tires easily and begins to look exhausted when she is overworked, which most of the time she is. At least one astrologer (in India, astrologers are listened to seriously) has forecast that before the year is out she will have gone the way of Shastri. She is shy in large gatherings but can be animated and very outspoken when with one or two other persons. She

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has thus far followed a cautious policy at home and abroad, advised chiefly by three middle-of-the-roaders: Food Minister Subramaniam, Planning Minister Ashok Mehta and Defense Minister Chavan. Krishna Menon, who for so long had so much of Nehru's confidence with such dire results, likes to be seen walking in Mrs. Gandhi's garden, but he doesn't often get into her house. It was Mrs. Gandhi who, after visiting Kerala, advised her father and the President of India to oust the Kerala Communist government headed by Mr. Namboodiripad, who is one of India's few pro-Peking Communists and is currently in jail. Mrs. Gandhi since becoming Prime Minister omitted from her speeches phrases like "a socialistic pattern of society," which were hardly ever off Nehru's lips. Still, there is no hard evidence that Mrs. Gandhi wants, or intends, to change India's long-term goals.

These goals are "nonalignment" or neutrality in foreign policy, and turning India into a modern, industrialized country with a "mixed economy," meaning a good deal of State direction and some outright State ownership of the means of production. To achieve the domestic goal, India has launched three successive Five-Year Plans. A fourth, which was intended to be as big as the first three put together, was due to start this year. Whether or not it does so will depend largely on President Johnson. India is broke and another Five-Year Plan of any size will require more huge installments of foreign aid.

India's annual trade deficit is about $1 billion. She now owes abroad about $4 billion on past loans. The foreign-exchange reserves are so low that, to stay within the statutory requirements of gold and foreign exchange backing for the currency, the government had to declare unmined gold in the Kolar goldfields part of the country's reserves. On the streets of the capital and in Calcutta, Bombay and other cities, touts offer to turn dollars or pounds into twice as many rupees as the official exchange rates allow. The country is full of "black money" in hiding from the tax collectors. A high government official who was recently found strangled had been murdered for his large "black money" hoard.

Nehru believed that after three Five-Year periods of planning and austerity, the foundations of a modern state would be well and truly laid in India, and prosperity would ensue. He died a disillusioned man. What went wrong?

There isn't a simple answer, but even an all-too-brief outline of the salient facts yields some clues. India has received about $10 billion in aid from abroad since 1951. The US share of this has been 58 percent, of which about $3 billion has been in the form of PL480 food shipments. With all that food coming from the US, the Indians seem to have decided they could safely concentrate on industrial development: *e.g.*, steel mills. Industrial output did, in fact, grow at about seven or nine percent a year. But farming stagnated, from 1961 to 1964, and if it hadn't been for the food imports the quantity available for per capita consumption, always painfully low in India, would actually have fallen. As it was, food prices rose 40 percent, and there were food riots.

Food prices had been kept artificially low by the PL480 imports and by government controls, and the rise in prices was not a bad thing from the farmers' point of view. The great bulk of Indians are farmers, not factory workers. The peasants were stimulated to grow more and to demand more fertilizer. It became evident that their sluggish apathy and resistance to change had been due, at least in part, to lack of incentive. Now, however, their change of heart availed them little, for fertilizer was not obtainable. Production of fertilizer had been retarded by the planners' preference for steel mills, and by their hostility toward "international cartels" – the big oil and chemical companies wanted to build fertilizer plants in India but were cold-shouldered.

The third Five-Year Plan, which finished last month, had proposed spending $2.7 billion in agriculture, almost twice the amount allotted to farming in the second plan. The aim was to double farm production. In fact, the output of food grains rose only about 14 percent in the third-plan period. Fertilizer plants have still to be built and it takes six to seven years for a plant to start producing.

At this writing, while farming stagnates and a big monsoon failure, in addition, threatens the country with severe malnutrition if not actual famine, industries are also grinding to a halt for lack of materials and spare parts, because there is no foreign exchange to spend on them. In private homes and in factories, the lights keep going out because of power failures. Automobiles are so scarce that the waiting time for a small European car, say a Fiat, is *sixteen* years. Delhi, Old and New, has a population of three million, yet remains a village. Traf-

NEXT WEEK: *a concluding report by Alex Campbell on why the Asians don't fear China*

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fic still consists largely of pedal bicycles and horse-drawn buggies. There is absolutely no problem about parking; and the few motorcars are older and have more rattles than the ancient autos that wheeze through the streets of war-battered Saigon.

Until the monsoon failed and brought home the full dismal extent of the failure of Indian farming, Indians had been getting on the average a meager and unbalanced diet of about 16 ounces of food grains per day. For the next few months at least, the daily average is going to be only 11 or perhaps only nine ounces per day, and even that will be possible only if other countries including the United States keep their word and manage to supply Indians with 12 million tons or so of food. The food from abroad, in fact, will be the equivalent of what India's city folk need – a startling revelation that Indian farmers are unable to do more than just feed themselves.

Mrs. Gandhi and the Congress Party believe, or say they believe, that actual starvation can be averted. Of course, they are saying this partly to prevent panic and food hoarding. A bizarre result of their disclaimers was that at least one European country, apparently believing India had cried "Wolf!" without real cause, withdrew its offer of aid.

Famine or no, Food Minister Subramaniam is looking beyond this year and is planning how to jerk Indian agriculture out of its doldrums. He proposes farm-support prices, fertilizer, seed and credit to farmers who are willing to junk old habits and try new techniques. For the next five years, the government will concentrate its attention on about 35 million acres of the best land (one-tenth of the whole) and thus hope to increase the food output by about 30 million tons, to 120 million tons per year.

But none of this is going to be achieved without massive foreign aid. Having received about $10 billion in aid in 15 years, India boldly proposes to ask for about $7.5 billion over the next five years – and this excludes what she will probably ask in the way of moratoria on repayments of the sums she already owes. As before, the US will be asked to provide the lion's share.

What Strings, if Any?

The world may give; but it may also seek to impose economic conditions, and to attach political strings. The World Bank has already proposed devaluing the rupee, which the Indian government and Indian economists are strongly resisting. (The Bank argues that Indian importers are enjoying windfall profits from the high official value of the rupee; devaluation would transfer gains to Indian exporters and help put right the trade deficit and the balance of payments.)

The US may want more encouragement for private enterprise and private foreign capital in India, and less emphasis on India's "public sector." President Johnson may demand greater Indian effort for a Kashmir settlement, and less ambiguity about where India's sympathies lie in Vietnam.

Planning Minister Ashok Mehta, a Socialist Party stalwart until he decided the political wilderness was a poor place to practice politics, says the US will be acting myopically if it tries to tie political strings to aid to India. Indian opposition groups will get a new chance to raise an anti-American clamor. Russia's suspicions will be roused if India falls away from "nonalignment." Russia might even be alarmed enough to try to heal the breach with China. India would lose the opportunity to play a useful role in Vietnam when the time is ripe.

On the other hand, says Mehta, letting India have aid without strings will cost the US comparatively little; what's four or five billion dollars, spread over five years, to a country like the US whose gross national product increases by many times that amount every year? A stable, reasonably prosperous, democratic India is the best possible antidote to a China that is attempting to achieve strength in isolation, by ruthlessly whipping and driving its people.

Mr. Mehta, who thinks what's basically wrong with China is that the present Chinese leaders are still living in the 'thirties or even the 'twenties, hopes a more reasonable China will emerge which will request aid too, and should get it. This hope does not necessarily make Mehta just another idle dreamer. President Johnson has indicated his own belief that if Hanoi had sense it would show less interest in ideology and more in the scheme to develop the Mekong River Valley on a wide regional basis.

In the teeth of all the legends about unchanging attitudes built around a rigid caste system, the Indians seem remarkably adaptable. Farmers supposed to be hopelessly bogged in apathy began clamoring for fertilizer and seeds the moment they saw a real prospect of improving their earning power by growing more food. The first of what will probably be several such factories is turning out thousands of plastic intra-uterine loops every day. About a million women have been fitted with them so far, and the demand continues. Before the loop became popular with women, Indian men were voluntarily submitting to sterilization. India may solve its population problem sooner than most people think.

But whether there are 500 million or a billion of them, the restless, brilliant, farsighted, often maddening, always stimulating Indians are going to be around indefinitely. The US has thus far done a fairly good job of learning to live with India, sometimes even learning something from her. It may as well continue doing so, at the cost of a few more billion dollars.

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He's a Happening

Robert Kennedy's Road to Somewhere

by Andrew Kopkind

Robert Kennedy is on to something. He hovers over it like a pig in the *Perigord* sniffing a truffle. It is just below the surface; he can't quite see it; he doesn't know its size or shape or worth or even what it's called. He only knows it's there, and he is going to get it.

Where does he look? Among the grape-pickers on strike in central California, in Cloth Market Square in Cracow, on the Ole Miss campus, in a Senate hearing room. And always with the same single-minded, almost frightening intensity. Perhaps the young know what it is; Kennedy spends an inordinate amount of time at schools and colleges talking with them. Maybe the poor know; he studies the condition of the urban ghettoes. Is it in Latin America? He'll go and see. Is it in South Africa? Get him a visa.

Whatever the object of his quest, Kennedy is unlikely to find it. He is looking not for a thing, but for a happening – what is happening to politics, to people. "In the 1930's, just going to college was a struggle," he said last week, feet up on his cluttered desk, drinking hot tea late in the afternoon of a hot day. "Then the war in the 'forties, then the Korean war. So now there's time, and people have more of a realization of things. When you obtain knowledge it creates internal problems."

Everything Kennedy says about other people has an autobiographical ring. That may be the characteristic of a good novelist, but not frequently the mark of the customary politician. But then no one argues that he is an ordinary politician. He is an elusive phenomenon, even more than the other Kennedys. He is not a liberal or a conservative or a hawk or a dove or a machine politician or an independent. The favorite journalistic game these days is to examine his motives. Is he making a calculated, almost diabolical drive for the Presidency? Is he on some joy ride in politics, doing and saying the first thing that pops into his head?

Neither question elicits the answers that make sense in politics. Certainly he wants to be President, and he hardly can help weighing his actions on the scale of long-range goals. But the choices are wide open, and Kennedy is opting more and more for the high-risk, high-gain issue. Nothing in the book of common political practice demands that he approve of blood donations for the Viet Cong, that he champion the grape-strikers' cause, that he criticize the Justice Department's refusal to allow burial of a Communist in Arlington cemetery. He does not have to make diplomatic trouble by going to South Africa. He can talk about the "urban crisis" without suggesting that whole blocs of ghetto Negroes migrate to the suburbs. He could have addressed the rally in Mississippi without belittling Ross Barnett. He can involve himself in automobile safety without bludgeoning the president of General Motors at Senate hearings. Yet he has done all those things. He thinks some of them have done him political harm. He finds the pain delicious.

He can afford the luxury of the free rein because he has a precious commodity – time. Nothing much is likely to happen to him for five years, maybe more. He neither needs nor wants to harden the lines around his constituency. His speech recognizing the stake of the Viet Cong in any Vietnam settlement won him exaggerated enthusiasm from student radicals and "peaceniks," but he will not be their champion. He commands the hearts of the Irish Catholics from the 1960 campaign, but he is not their property; he may even offend some of them with talk of birth control and divorce law reform. A current theory has Kennedy grabbing the "liberals" in the Democratic Party from under the nose of Vice President Hubert Humphrey, like so many apples. But what will he do with them? No Kennedy carries the mantle of "liberalism" comfortably.

Kennedy is not yet capturing a bloc, or putting together a coalition, or hewing out a program. What is happening is less dramatic: around him are gathering people in government and outside who in the very loosest sense constitute a Kennedy Party. It does not caucus, and very few in it would be able to identify themselves as members. There are a few senators, several old New Frontiersmen scattered about Washington, and many more "exiles," in one sense or another

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in law offices, universities or businesses around the country. There is no "party line," or at least nothing in manifesto form. But the Kennedy Party is, as one Democratic senator said, "the only alternative power source to that famous Consensus. If you're against Johnson, you've got to be for it" – or be a Republican.

As the informal party leader – as the only reason for its existence – Kennedy has peculiar credits and liabilities. His name makes slavish zombies out of otherwise rational humans. The movie-star aura that gave the White House something of the flavor of the MGM back lot during the early 'sixties has settled on him. More than that, he radiates power: for three years he was at the very heart of it (closer by far than any mere Vice President) and he is changed for the experience.

Robert Kennedy's past, and to a certain extent his manner, will always haunt him. In the early 'fifties he was a committed McCarthyite. Then he became so engrossed in the prosecution of Jimmy Hoffa that he lost sight of some refinements discernible to other Americans who care deeply about individual rights. Neither the politics nor the personality that Robert Kennedy expressed in those years fits the expectations of those who are now his fondest followers. So they get rid of what doubts linger by postulating a theory of "flux." Kennedy's life, an old associate suggests, is discontinuous. Other men may develop in an orderly, serial way; Kennedy's career is seen in episodes side by side. There was the Senate investigating episode, the Justice Department episode, and now the senatorial episode. Like Picasso's various periods, they do follow logically one from the other.

In his current incarnation, Kennedy is cast in the role of a "presidential" Democrat from New York State – the first since Franklin Roosevelt. He comes to Washington with a lot of political linen laid out for him. It is taken for granted that he will be an aggressively "liberal" senator; New York does that to its elected officials. Besides, his colleague in the Senate is a Republican, Jacob Javits, who is constantly pushing Kennedy to more aggressive positions. Kennedy has to be strong on civil rights, dedicated to urban development, for Israel and against Arabs, for reapportionment, welfare, education, housing – and so on down the line.

But as a very junior senator, Kennedy can be experimental. He can test out ideas without the sense of responsibility that he had as part of a national administration, or that older senators sometimes feel as middling-to-elder statesman. He can be a "good Democrat" and support the Great Society programs to the hilt. That would be enough to ensure his reelection, and with everything else working for him, enough to keep him alive as a presidential candidate.

But the wilder tacks he takes – the sudden, spontaneous, half-understood acts of calculated risk – define the Kennedy Party. It puts Robert Kennedy apart from the politics of his own youth, and even some distance from the New Frontier. Someone calls it "post-Stevenson politics," which does not provide much of a definition. It is what comes after rationalized public welfare, full employment, desegregation and the sensible conduct of a Cold War. It deals with an age of systems-analysis, ghetto warfare, labor and corporate centralization, and post-postwar diplomacy.

Kennedy is not a conceptualizer; at least, he does not talk much about broad concepts. But he seems to have an intuitive sense of the changes going on in the country, and he responds to them. Just before he flew to the grape-pickers' strike he asked an assistant, "Why am I going there?" There were places where farm workers got lower wages, or had worse living conditions, or more oppression. But that strike is perhaps the definitive labor war of the decade – and Kennedy felt it before he understood it. The point was that the workers in the grape fields do not want just better wages or conditions, but *recognition*, as a source of power, as a community, as people capable of making their own decisions. To get it, they have to fight some elements of big labor as well as the big growers. It did not, as it turned out, take Kennedy long to grasp it all. He tore into the growers in two days of hearings, and won the confidence of the strikers.

He knows that "conscience" is becoming a major element in political behavior. He likes to quote an inscription which he says was found on an Egyptian pyramid: "No one was angry enough to speak out." Last week he said, "There's a sharp difference between this generation and the last. Young people today have that motivation – idealism and dissatisfaction." He has an affinity for protest, if not a taste for protesters. He likes people who are making "that effort" – "whatever their particular politics happen to be." Kennedy denounces "easy solutions" in many speeches, but more than that he seems to dislike solutions in general. Still, there are distant goals. "I'd be discouraged if I thought it was all just an exercise," he says. But certainty? He quotes Learned Hand approvingly in praise of "the spirit which is not too sure it is right."

The Outsider

Kennedy's position in the Senate reflects these intuitions. Many of his colleagues get the idea that he doesn't think much of Congress at all. "He's a visitor, a boarder," a senatorial aide said. Unlike his brother, Teddy, who is working his way into the Senate "establishment," Robert Kennedy remains almost totally outside. He does not defer to older senators; he sometimes insults them. During one session of the car-safety

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hearings in February, Kennedy exploded at Republican Sen. Carl Curtis for not letting Ralph Nader, a leading critic of the automobile industry, give his full testimony.

"What I don't understand is why you don't let Mr. Nader read his statement to find out if in fact – " Kennedy growled at Curtis.

"I have no objection to his reading his statement," Curtis replied.

"Then maybe we would understand his position," Kennedy went on. "I don't know how you can reach a conclusion about his position. First you admit you haven't read his book; and, secondly, you haven't heard his testimony. Why don't you listen to his testimony and then criticize?"

"I have no objection to hearing his testimony," Curtis reiterated meekly, "but when he loses me with – "

"With big words?" Kennedy smiled.

That's not very nice for a junior senator. But Kennedy asks few favors from senators; it was he who finally had his brother, Teddy, withdraw the nomination of Francis X. Morrissey from the confirmation fight over a judgeship last fall in the Senate.

Congress is too slow, too ineffectual, too deliberative for Robert Kennedy. It is not where the action is. Like John Kennedy, he feels it is somewhat of an anachronism, that the affairs of a vast and complex society cannot be dealt with by such a windy, old-fashioned collection of egotists.

Unter den Lyndon

To delve into the effect of the assassination on Robert Kennedy is to indulge too much in pocketbook Freud. Many of those close to him think it did not drastically change his way of life, but reinforced certain tendencies – his fatalism about politics, his alienation from establishments, his sense of the importance of individual acts of conscience. It was obvious to everyone who saw him that it intensified the brooding, the pained introspection that for a while became a public manner. Slowly, that is changing. His friends say that he can now make almost casual remarks about President Kennedy – even little jokes, with a touch of the macabre.

The political effects of the assassination on Robert Kennedy's life are as difficult to sort out as the psychological effects. It quickly made him a leading contender for the Presidency, but at the same time put new obstacles in his way. He certainly wants the office, but he is not going to go about it in the same way John Kennedy did. "One of the questions we ask," an aide says, "is what the political consequences of a speech will be. But it is very rarely the first question." "You have to remember," another adviser warns, "that no presidential campaign can be planned more than two years in advance. There are too many variables before that."

In the normal course of things, Kennedy can do nothing about the Presidency until 1972, and it may turn out to be later than that. The "scenarios" which some people have constructed involving a move in 1968 seem to have little foundation in foreseeable realities. In the meantime, the Kennedy Party at best can become a focus for disaffection in varying degrees with the Johnson Administration.

Kennedy himself is less than enthralled with the Johnson Administration; it is clearly not his style. But neither is he about to begin guerrilla warfare against it. Relations with his successor at the Justice Department, Attorney General Katzenbach, are under some strain. Kennedy is justly proud of his own record at Justice; he sometimes feels that Katzenbach responds too quickly to White House pressure, and has little taste for innovation. Kennedy disliked Katzenbach's stand against the burial of Robert Thompson, a Communist, at Arlington. He disagreed with Katzenbach's arguments against providing legal aid to poor defendants at the very beginning of criminal cases – in the police station. The Administration repays such opposition with small unkindnesses: Kennedy was conspicuously excluded from a recent White House meeting with senators interested in judicial matters.

It is doubtful whether Kennedy will ever express publicly anything less than support for Johnson. It is not merely good politics and good taste; Kennedy

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knows Johnson's problems and the difficulties of the Presidency. But others are becoming more alienated. The war has cut deeply into the natural affection the New Frontier had for the Great Society. And the Kennedy Party could be an anti-war government-in-exile.

It already is a home for many of the New Frontier officials who were ripped untimely from their jobs. There is a kind of "shadow cabinet" which Kennedy uses both for ideas and to a lesser extent for political activity. Burke Marshall, the former head of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division and now general counsel at IBM, has the civil rights portfolio. Roswell Gilpatric, former Undersecretary of Defense, is a key source on strategy. Richard Goodwin, a former White House speechwriter, does work on foreign policy (he helped write the speech on Vietnam and the Viet Cong), and so does Arthur Schlesinger Jr. Kennedy has close ties with Robert McNamara and Orville Freeman, and he gets help from Theodore Sorensen on speeches (both Sorensen and Schlesinger are useful as gag-writers, among other things, but Schlesinger is considered the better of the two). Schlesinger actually writes few speeches that are delivered as written.

At a different level, Kennedy is developing a cadre of "idea men" as distinct from personal advisers. Some of them are New Frontier holdovers, former members of "Kennedy's guerrillas," a middle-echelon network of government officials with a special loyalty to the attorney general in those days. Some of them are still in federal agencies: Leonard Duhl, a psychiatrist and social planner now at Housing and Urban Development. Richard Boone, formerly head of Community Action at the Poverty Program, is another ex-guerrilla. Now he is director of the Citizens Crusade Against Poverty, a Walter Reuther-sponsored private antipoverty action group. A few journalists are close to Kennedy; most prominent is Joseph Kraft, the columnist. Since his rather abrupt entry into New York, Kennedy has developed another level of advisers around his state: he talks with Dr. Eugene McCarthy of Columbia University on health problems, and through him Kennedy has made contact with the "pro-Medicare" doctors (many of them teachers) in New York. He admires James Allen, the state Commissioner of Education, and solicits his ideas on school problems. Through Alan Campbell, of the Maxwell School of Public Administration at Syracuse, he has plugged into a vigorous group of upstate intellectuals.

Kennedy is playing New York politics cool. He manages to stay detached from the identifiable factions, and yet encourages and often supports them all as the need arises and conditions allow. He is more than courteous to the Reform Democrats in New York; they almost feel wanted by him. Last month, he spent a day at a conference on problems of underdeveloped nations, sponsored by Rep. William Fitts Ryan, the reform Democrat *par excellence*. He calls on reform leaders; recently he invited one to his hotel room and greeted the astounded visitor in his undershorts. The truth is that everyone needs him more than he needs them.

Kennedy has a small organization of his own in New York, presided over by Stephen Smith, in the tradition of Kennedy brothers-in-law. John Burns, the state party chairman, was a Kennedy choice. But there is not yet anything like a Kennedy machine in the state. "He could hand-pick the candidates for any office," a New Yorker said, "but he's staying aloof."

Who Are the New Boys?

The point is that Kennedy does not have to rule New York with a heavy hand. It is his own turf, and no one is in sight to challenge him. Elsewhere around the country, he has not begun to make new contacts. He is naturally close to old friends from 1960; after all, he cultivated them, and they will maintain a certain allegiance to him. In one way, that could prove to be something of a liability. Kennedy may personally be attuned to new political forces – the challengers of the big-city machines, for instance – but if he has only the old boys, his activities will be tightly circumscribed. His advisers say, however, that there is time enough to form new alliances, and it is in fact the part of wisdom to wait out the inevitable conflicts before moving in.

In the meantime, the Kennedy Party will concentrate on ideas rather than men, on creating a political mood rather than building a political organization. Already the mood is beginning to take shape. It began with the speeches Kennedy made last year on nuclear proliferation. He suggested that the US join with the Soviet Union, and China, if possible, to oppose the spread of atomic weapons. There were cries of "appeasement," but Kennedy's point was made: if ideology prohibits diplomacy, change the ideology. He continually pressed the Johnson Administration on a Vietnam settlement. He criticized the President for regarding the war as "purely a military problem." It was one of the factors which forced the Administration to devote at least some energies to "social reform." Then he spoke out against bombing North Vietnam. Finally, in his famous statement on the Viet Cong, he asked the President to recognize that a settlement in Vietnam could not come without participation, at some level, of the rebel forces.

The storm which the speech – and the subsequent "clarifications" which followed it – caused, has not yet subsided. Kennedy is said to think that he made many mistakes during those first days – not for what he said, but because he was unprepared to deal with the reaction. The problem was in his analysis of the nature of

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political tempers all around. One of his advisers likens the affair to the meeting Kennedy had, after the Birmingham civil rights conflict in 1963, with James Baldwin and a collection of well-known Negro public figures in New York. Kennedy's instincts in arranging the meeting were good, and again ahead of the game (it is hard to imagine anyone in the White House or the Cabinet today even thinking of such a notion). But he did not comprehend what was going on in the Negro world (very few whites did in those days) and when Baldwin said later, "he doesn't understand us," he was right.

"I made the speech because I thought there was something that was worth saying," Kennedy said last week. "We hadn't really discussed with any completeness or thoroughness the heart of what our policy should be. I made some mistakes in handling it. I think it was unpopular politically. But I would do it all over again if I had to."

What Kennedy only sensed about the Vietnam speech was that he was establishing a position of opposition, not presenting a program for enactment. When the inevitable political counterattack came from the Administration, Kennedy saw how vulnerable he was. All the big guns were against him. He retreated to avoid destruction. The principal effect of the act – to legitimize criticism and make alternative policies in Vietnam thinkable – was somewhat diluted.

Breaking Up the Ghetto

Kennedy has worked hard on education and civil rights legislation, but his principal domestic enthusiasms so far were contained in three speeches delivered in New York in late January. He called them "A Program for the Urban Crisis"; they included major proposals for housing, education and employment for the poor, in particular, Negroes. But the most intriguing part of the speeches was the analysis of the problem of the poor. Kennedy went further than any major political figure has done so far in seeing what underlies the "breakup of the Negro family" (as the President referred to it in his Howard University speech last June) and the "lack of motivation" (as the poverty program officials call it) of Negroes.

"The deeper part," Kennedy said, ". . . is in the gulf which separates the Negro from the white power structure that governs him, and in the failure of the Establishment to afford him full participation in shaping the governmental services he receives. For 300 years the Negro has been a nation apart, a people governed by a repression that has been softened to the point when it is now only a massive indifference. The Watts riots were as much a revolt against official indifference, an explosion of frustration at the inability to communicate and participate, as they were an uprising about inferior jobs and education and housing."

No one in the Administration yet is talking out loud about eliminating the ghetto, but Kennedy said, "Wiping out the ghetto is essential to the future of the Negro and of the city itself. It is essential because the ghetto is not a neighborhood. Rather it is a vast undifferentiated mass. . . . If we can break down the massive housing segregation of the ghetto, we can break down the other forms of segregation which it has caused. The ghetto, for example, makes it practically impossible to achieve meaningful racial balance in the schools. . . . The existence of smaller Negro and integrated neighborhoods throughout the metropolitan area would, on the other hand, permit the achievement of improved racial balance."

If Kennedy understands the powerlessness of ghetto-dwellers, he knows more about America than any of his Senate colleagues. It is still problematic whether he can translate such feelings into political action. He probably will not be a major framer of legislation. As John Kennedy did, he will use the Senate as a sounding board, dropping in and out as the occasions arise (he has spent more time outside than in Washington this year). Kennedy has his friends inside the Senate (his brother, Senators Tydings, Jackson, McGovern, Bayh and a few others, such as Church and Clark, with whom he often works), but it is the loosest of all factions. Kennedy is too much of a loner to start a Senate club. He has admirers on the House side, but no cohesive following there, either (Humphrey, on the other hand, had his own House club).

In the next few years, Kennedy's biggest problem will be to convince people of the significance of his new "episode." "Long ago," one Washington politician mused recently, "Robert Kennedy discovered that no one was going to like him, in the sense that people liked Roosevelt, or Stevenson, or Jack Kennedy. So he decided to make people follow him because of the power of his ideas, or the rightness of his positions." Even so, Kennedy still has to project his own intuitions over long distances to the voting public. Communication – which most politicians find so easy – is his biggest "hang-up."

At times it seems he can talk winningly only to young people. "Given a choice, he'll pick up an appearance at a school rather than at a civic club," an aide says. He begins to glow with a young audience, but he rarely gets past cool charm with adults. More cynical politicians suppose that he is carefully cultivating the new generation in hopes that he will win their votes in a half-dozen years. There may be some of that; at a Washington high school he told a student who asked when he would run for President, "when you're old enough to vote for me."

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Sacco-Vanzetti and the Intellectuals

by Alexander M. Bickel

Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, whom the Commonwealth of Massachusetts put to death thirty-nine years ago next August, were convicted of murder in grossly unfair proceedings, and were, moreover, probably innocent. This is the supposed liberal and intellectual orthodoxy that David Felix's book gleefully sets out to explode. The orthodoxy derives from such works as Felix Frankfurter's *The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti*, first published in 1927, and G. Louis Joughin's and Edmund M. Morgan's *The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti*, published twenty-one years later. The belief in probable innocence was sympathetically but nonetheless vigorously questioned in Francis Russell's book, *Tragedy in Dedham* (1962), which concluded that Sacco was probably guilty, even if Vanzetti was not. Mr. Felix thinks not only that Sacco was guilty, but that there was nothing wrong with the trial and the proceedings that followed between conviction and execution.

Protest:
Sacco-Vanzetti and the Intellectuals
by David Felix
(Indiana; $5.95)

Sacco and Vanzetti, on whom a backwoods police chief stumbled by the sheerest accident, were convicted of the holdup murders of a shoe-factory paymaster and his guard in South Braintree, Massachusetts. The holdup took place on April 15, 1920, the trial a year later. The crime was supposed to have been the work of a five-man gang, but the prosecution never really identified, and never tried, the other three. The payroll money taken by the bandits was never found, and never in any way connected with Sacco and Vanzetti. The prosecution's case consisted of eye-witness identification of both Sacco and Vanzetti; of evidence of a "guilty conscience," which was deduced from the evasive and untruthful answers the two men gave, when first arrested, to questions about their movements; of the suspicious fact that they were armed when caught; and of ballistics evidence tending to show that one of the fatal bullets was fired from a gun found in Sacco's possession.

About the eye-witness testimony, the late Edmund M. Morgan, in the book written with G. Louis Joughin, referred to earlier, had this to say: "A reading of the record almost forces the conclusion that no reasonable jury could have been satisfied by the identification testimony alone of the guilt of either Sacco or Vanzetti." Professor Morgan, of the Harvard Law School, was one of the great law teachers of his day, a man of extensive trial experience, and an unimpeachable authority on the law of evidence. He was writing a generation after the event. He supported this statement by demonstrating the inherent weakness of the eye-witness testimony, and citing independent evidence that cast doubt on the acuity of the eye-witness observation and on the truthfulness of the stories. There was, in addition, testimony tending to establish alibis for both Sacco and Vanzetti on the fatal day. Nothing Mr. Felix adduces puts a feather's weight on the scale against Professor Morgan's judgment. All Mr. Felix contributes is a mistaken attribution to one witness (Mary Splaine) of another witness' (Frances Devlin) explanation of an inconsistency between her testimony at a prior hearing and her story at the trial.

As to "consciousness of guilt," Morgan said: "This suspicious conduct is corroborative of other evidence. It cannot be independent, substantive evidence of guilt of this particular offense." The defense and the late Justice Frankfurter in his 1927 book explained the "suspicious conduct" by recalling the raids, summary deportations and other persecutions to which alien anarchists like Sacco and Vanzetti were subject in this year of the reign of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer. To their certain knowledge, friends and associates of theirs were being arrested, grilled, deported. When they themselves were arrested, the first line of questioning addressed to them concerned their beliefs and associations. If their conduct was suspicious, it was as likely as not because they were conscious, and had long had good reason to be conscious, of a "guilt" far removed from the events at South Braintree. On this aspect of the case, Mr. Felix's essential reply is to insinuate that perhaps we are being unjust to A. Mitchell Palmer. Attorney General Palmer, he says at one point, "obliged to do something about the anarchist bombings, countered with the Red raids." Palmer's purpose, he continues – and why would anyone object to it? – "was to prevent future bombings by arresting and deporting radical aliens." Later on, Mr. Felix adds: "As an official action, whatever injustices they caused, the raids were neither lawless nor hysterical. . . ." Having thus, contrary to all the historical evidence, established a different atmosphere than the one that actually prevailed, Mr. Felix goes on to suggest that Sacco and Vanzetti did not have a consistent and rational explanation for their possession of guns and for their rather distraught movements on the day of their arrest. And so, perhaps, they didn't. But the times, which were what Mr. Felix will not let his reader see they were, offer the best possible explanation for distraught and not always rationally explicable actions on the part of these two hunted anarchists.

We come thus to the ballistics evidence, of which much was made at the trial. There were two prosecution witnesses. One, Captain William Proctor, then head of the Massachusetts State Police, gave it as his opinion that the fatal bullet was "consistent with being fired" by Sacco's Colt automatic pistol. Proctor said later that he in fact did not

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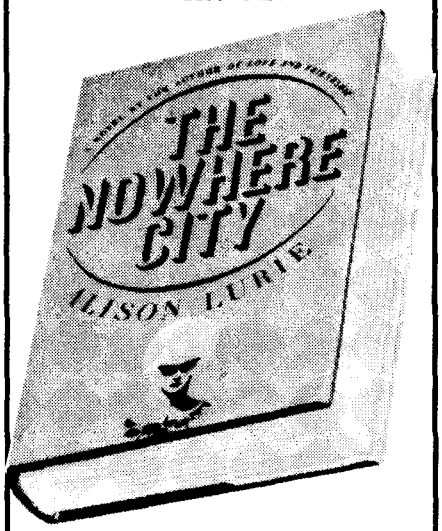

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believe that the bullet had been fired from Sacco's Colt, and that he had so told the prosecution. It was prearranged between him and the prosecution that he would be asked only whether he had an opinion, and that he would reply in effect, as he did, that it was not impossible that the bullet should have been fired from Sacco's Colt. The prosecution would then not pursue the matter further. Had he been asked on cross-examination whether he believed the bullet to have been fired from Sacco's pistol, he would have answered in the negative. But he was never asked. The other prosecution witness was Captain Charles Van Amburgh, a firearms expert then employed by a private company in Bridgeport, Conn. Van Amburgh testified that he was "inclined to believe" that the fatal bullet was fired from Sacco's gun. Asked what he meant when he said he "believed" something, he replied that the word indicated "a slight reservation." On the crucial point, as Professor Morgan pointed out, he was willing to say only that he *inclined* to believe – more than a slight reservation there! That Captain Van Amburgh was thoroughly entitled to harbor his reservations was demonstrated somewhat later, at home in Bridgeport, when his ballistics methods in another capital case were discredited, and his prosecution evidence discarded, by a prosecutor (Homer Cummings, later US Attorney General) more scrupulous than the Sacco-Vanzetti District Attorney. The Bridgeport episode is related in full in Francis Russell's book. Mr. Felix gives it a grudging and qualified footnote.

Nothing much can be made of ballistics evidence produced by the defense at the trial. A couple of post-trial experts pretty well cancel each other out. And so the verdict on the ballistics point stands as "not proven," unless one is to credit a fresh test made at Mr. Russell's instigation in 1961. This test, as Mr. Russell reported and Mr. Felix repeats, proved to the satisfaction of two new experts (Weller and Jury) that the fatal bullet was indeed fired from Sacco's gun. But this test was made forty years after the bullet was fired. It was made by comparing the ancient bullet, which had passed through so many hands, with a new one fired through the rusty barrel of the equally ancient and peripatetic gun. The old bullet was admittedly corroded, and Sacco's pistol had first to be fired a few times to blast out rust in the barrel before test shots could be fired for comparison purposes. But there is an additional, and in itself conclusive, reason for taking these latest tests with a grain of salt. In a book they published four years before they came to make their own test, Mr. Russell's experts, as Herbert B. Ehrmann points out in a recent issue of *The Harvard Law Review*, committed themselves to the view that the fatal bullet was fired from Sacco's pistol. Now if the numerous tests made since that murder in South Braintree prove anything, they prove that ballistics is not an exact science, and that the results of a ballistics test, like the results, say, of a lie detector test, depend ultimately on the exercise of human judgment. Fresh and unprejudiced judgment running counter to one's previously conceived and published opinion is, to be sure, possible. But one need not be dishonest, one need only be human, in order to be influenced by one's preconceived opinion, especially when conducting a test forty years later, under very difficult circumstances.

Mr. Felix has nothing of his own to add to the long-standing ballistics debate. He follows Mr. Russell, as he does on much else, and none too well. There is, incidentally, one most amusing instance of Mr. Felix's derivative writing. Russell, at page 390, refers casually to Governor Fuller of Massachusetts working on the case "in his high-ceilinged office with the portraits of Sam Adams and John Hancock staring down from the walls." On page 188 of his own book, Mr. Felix says that "the Governor pursued his thought processes under the portraits of the conservative John Hancock and the radical Sam Adams." That is typical. Mr. Felix's contribution is the phrase "thought processes," and the adjective "conservative" applied to John Hancock. Hardly. He must have been thinking of the insurance company. But when it comes to maintaining that the trial and subsequent proceedings were all fair, square and regular, Mr. Felix cuts loose from Russell and strikes out entirely on his own.

Professor Morgan was not a man

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given to immoderate use of language, nor, by temperament, training or habit, was he a composer of polemics. Yet this is what Mr. Morgan wrote of the defense counsel at the trial, Fred Moore, of the prosecutor, Frederick G. Katzmann, and of the trial judge, Webster Thayer: "Against a masterful and none too scrupulous prosecution was opposed a hopelessly mismanaged defense before a stupid trial judge." "Taken together [the ballistics testimony of Captain Proctor and the cross-examination of Sacco on his radical beliefs] constitute monstrous misconduct which no discretionary power of a trial judge should be allowed to conceal or condone." Various actions by Judge Thayer "may, to be sure, be attributed to that stupidity which characterized so much of his conduct during the trial, but they are quite as likely to have proceeded from a desire to secure a verdict of guilty." And finally this conclusion:

"A careful reading of the entire transcript makes most reasonable, if not imperative, findings also that the prosecutor was guilty of outrageous conduct, that the trial judge could not have concealed from the jury, while revealing to outsiders, his violent prejudices against the defendants, and that the jury, largely under the influence of this misconduct and bias, which was aggravated by the incompetent handling of the defense, returned a verdict contrary to the great weight of the evidence."

Mr. Felix's argument to the contrary comes down to the assertion that while Judge Thayer was undoubtedly prejudiced, he tried not to show it to the jury. But when we know a judge to be biased, we don't normally find it sufficient to rely on his exercise of conscious self-control in the courtroom. Anyway, Judge Thayer's supposed self-control snapped more than once. Moreover, he cannot be presumed to have kept his bias even from himself, and it was his own uncontrolled discretion that governed the disposition of the numerous post-trial motions. As to the prosecution, Mr. Felix is reduced to asserting that no one "has been able to *prove* that Katzmann was unfair." (My italics.) Well, I suppose not. Nor, in that sense, can it be *proved* that Mr. Felix has written a shoddy book.

The main effort of the book is directed at belittling the defendants and their defenders. It is all just one long sneer. Vanzetti gives "evidence of an undisciplined mind," and he is long-winded. He "was wordy, irrelevant, approximate, and unordered." The beautiful and famous passage – "If it had not been for these thing, I might have live out my life talking at street corners to scorning men . . . etc." – was doctored by the journalist Phil Stong, who purported to have recorded it. Others have found it quite consistent with the style of the man, and in a full writing life, Stong never produced anything remotely as remarkable. But Mr. Felix thinks it was all Stong. The end of Sacco's hunger strike brings out Mr. Felix's humor. The prison doctor, carrying three feet of red tubing with a bulb at the end, was threatening forcible feeding. Vanzetti and Sacco's wife urged Sacco to cooperate, and "Sacco balanced the alternatives and addressed himself to a bowl of soup." Boston ladies who joined the Sacco and Vanzetti defense committee "belonged to that reformist underworld so mordantly described by Henry James in his novel, *The Bostonians*." Others were "formerly devoted to anti-vivisection." Far from fighting established power, the defenders of Sacco and Vanzetti, Mr. Felix vaguely intimates, *were* the establishment. The execution, we are almost made to feel, was a triumph of the underdog.

What is most important, and going beyond sneers, constitutes a serious charge, is Mr. Felix's contention that the intellectuals who mounted the public defense of Sacco and Vanzetti played fast and loose with the evidence, and indulged themselves in a misguided, woolly-headed emotional binge. Mr. Felix, whose own attempts at social and intellectual history are quite sophomoric ("Holmes was an unqualified liberal"), quotes the younger Arthur Schlesinger's remark that the intellectuals learned little from Dewey, Beard, and Veblen that "equipped them to resist the Soviet Union." Mr. Felix's comment: "For 'Soviet Union' in the thirties one might substitute 'Sacco-Vanzetti case' in the twenties." Dean John H. Wigmore of the Northwestern University Law School, an important legal scholar (but no "liberal jurist according to the twenties' lights," or to any lights), wrote an intemperate polemic against Felix Frankfurter in the Boston press in 1927, to which Frankfurter replied. Mr. Felix has Wigmore tripping over a detail, but returning with sound reasoning "and unexceptionable facts." Frankfurter wins his point "by sheer deftness" only – whatever that may mean. But President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard, the leading figure on Governor Fuller's commission which advised him against a commutation of the sentence, thought that "Wigmore's ridiculous article looked as if there was nothing serious to be said on the side of the courts." Lowell conceded little; Felix nothing.

Central to Mr. Felix's attack on the intellectuals is his charge that Felix Frankfurter's book rests not on "the official case record, although it was available to him, but the *Defendants' Exceptions* . . . and other defense

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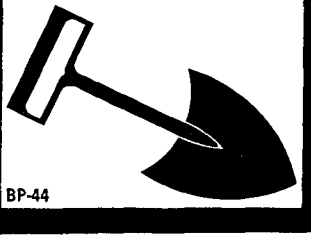

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briefs." Frankfurter's book "does not mention the official case record. In effect, Frankfurter's arguments refer back to defense documents." This is a complete and ridiculous misunderstanding, born of ignorance and inattention. There are, to be sure, stenographic minutes of the trial, and they are now available in print in the six-volume *The Sacco-Vanzetti Case*, published in 1928-29. They are, as such minutes will be, repetitious and disordered. The record in the case, on which the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts acted on appeal, consists not of these minutes but of the Bill of Exceptions, which is a somewhat compressed version of the minutes, edited and approved by the defense, the prosecution and the trial judge. This is the record that the courts used and that Frankfurter used. It contains some narrative statements of the testimony, but gives the largest and all the important portions verbatim. It is complete and sufficient to all relevant purposes, and is the official record anyone would use. It is as far from being in any sense a defense document as Mr. Felix's own book. Mr. Felix did not know. But he evidently consulted the volumes published in 1928-29, and both in the preface, and later on in Volume III, in introducing the Bill of Exceptions, the sponsors of this publication (who included Newton D. Baker, Charles C. Burlingham, John W. Davis and Elihu Root) explained in the most precise detail how a Bill of Exceptions is arrived at under the Massachusetts practice and what it means. Mr. Felix should have paid attention.

The reputations of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti and of their defenders will survive Mr. Felix's book.

The Commonplace Book of Doris Lessing

by Lawrence Graver

The success of Doris Lessing's novels has been due in part to an unusual yet attractive split between her fiercely contemporary subject matter and her 19th-Century narrative point of view. She speaks of Black and White, East and West, Men and Women, of Rhodesian race relations, socialist politics, and sexual stalemate; but she speaks in a form so leisurely and self-assured that her harsh truths are made palatable, even entertaining. Few writers who take failure as a major theme are themselves so indefatigable, and few fall back so comfortably on complacent linear narration, overt moralizing, transparent irony. Who, in these austere times, could write a 600-page novel about writer's block? Which of our design-stricken moderns would risk beginning three novels with an identical Victorian formula: "The two women were alone in the London flat." (*The Golden Notebook*); "Two elderly women sat knitting on that part of the verandah which was screened from the sun by a golden shower creeper. . . ." (*Martha Quest*); "It was half past four in the afternoon. Two young women were loitering down the pavement in the shade of sunblinds that screened the shop windows. . . ." (*A Proper Marriage*)?

Children of Violence
(Volumes III & IV)
by Doris Lessing
(Simon & Shuster; $6.95)

The third and fourth installments of *Children of Violence* prove once again that Mrs. Lessing is a shrewd, dispassionate observer of contemporary history, the sort of novelist who gives names to objects in a vanished landscape. She is able, in a brief paragraph, to reproduce the disquieting effect of a young German conscript peering down from a movie screen into "the faces of a thousand full-fed people, his victorious enemies, in a little town in the center of Africa"; and, in a few pages, she can convey the stifling sense of frustration in amateur politics which dominated the African scene during the 1940's.

But *Children of Violence* is now twelve hundred pages long and the incidental virtues are clearly not going to sustain the entire structure. Because of Mrs. Lessing's method of saturation, one is less often struck by

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the passage which is imaginatively conceived, than by huge chunks of stale reportage which never rise above testimony. Admiration gives way to impatience, and one begins to feel sympathy with several of her characters, who – at a political meeting – "were restless not because they were bored, far from it, but because they were angry with the speaker."

The scattering of effects is most obvious in *A Ripple from the Storm*, the third volume of the series, set once again in Zambesia in the early 1940's. The recently divorced young heroine, still suffering from the fevers of romantic idealism and a capacity for loveless marriages, becomes involved with a handful of Communists and impulsively marries their leader, Anton Hesse. According to Mrs. Lessing, the purpose of her novel is to study "the individual conscience in its relation with the collective," a relationship which by its nature dwarfs the importance of the individual and his private feelings. To complain that Martha seems to be a shadowy presence in the novel is to miss the author's desire to document the process of diminution itself. Yet for such a desire she pays a heavy price. There are, in the life of Comrade Martha, "a hundred things to see to. She saw to them: the organizing of meetings, the study groups, the addressing of envelopes." Mrs. Lessing sees to them too, and for page after page, we watch Martha caught up in "the momentum of muddle and inefficiency," serving on committees, selling the party paper in the colored section of town, and going to an endlessly proliferating series of meetings at which inarticulate and antagonistic personalities split procedural hairs on how best to plan for the local triumph of the proletariat. Although Hesse reflexively insists, "we must analyze the situation," he rarely does. Neither does Mrs. Lessing. By the end of the novel, "the Left, such as it was, was fragmented"; and the ironical point that these quarrelsome idealists are as bureaucratic as everyone else has been made with an obvious, crushing solemnity.

Landlocked, the fourth volume, is livelier and more varied. Not only do some of the memorable characters from the early part of the series reappear, but Mrs. Lessing is able to find fresh patterns of disillusionment in the postwar period. Martha returns to the center of the action and we are engaged once more by the familiar frustrations of her life. Determined, at long last, to resist the erosion of her personality, she has her first satisfactory love affair with a Jewish Pole named Thomas Stern and momentarily breaks free of her suffocating unhappiness. The release, however, is temporary. Stern goes off compulsively to Israel, returning to Zambesia only to drift away and die mysteriously of fever in the bush. At the close, Martha prepares to emigrate to England.

Although there are signs in *Landlocked* that Mrs. Lessing is making more artful uses of her materials – scenes are more inventive and analyses of relationships more mature – the book does not dispel doubts about the series as a whole. The virtues come too late and in ambiguous ways. Near the end of the novel, Mrs. Lessing describes Martha editing a packet of water-soaked notes which had survived Stern's death and which were to form the substance of a humanitarian report. The prose takes on extraordinary suppleness and color as we envision the stricken man working on his document of progress. As his notations become increasingly more eccentric, recipes are interlaced wih folk songs and obituaries, and Martha is startled to read: "'Vermin, vermin . . . the world is a lump of filth crawling with vermin. Death here. Death there too. Everywhere. . . .' Obscenities in English, Polish, Yiddish." For any literate reader, this passage collapses the moment he recalls Kurtz's classic report in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* with its splendid rhetoric and chilling "Exterminate the brutes." Mrs. Lessing's failure at this point is instructive, for it suggests (as do many other scenes in the novel) that she is trapped within a monochromatic style. More often than not, when she tries to be vivid, the results are imitative or unexpressive:

"After the film she went back with him to his hotel room. She had not been there before. She was thinking of the Austrian woman who still

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lived in the hotel, when Anton got determinedly off the bed where he had been sitting, took her by the hand and raised her from her chair and towards the bed in one movement that had in it a mixture of gallantry, which she was able to tolerate, although it was hard to associate with him ordinarily, an uncertain appeal, which warmed her to him, and a complacency which she hated."

But the greatest source of disappointment with *Children of Violence* stems from Mrs. Lessing's refusal to move further towards an understanding of her blundering heroine than Martha herself can go. Although the novel is an ironic study of a failed Quest, the failure remains recorded but rarely illuminated, while the exemplary quality of Martha's life is assumed but never proven. As these refusals grow, they eat away at the prose, and we keep running into motives which cannot be analyzed, qualities which escape definition. When Martha discovers a critical event in her husband's past, Mrs. Lessing tells us: this "was another fact that Martha stored up for examination, feeling that it said something of importance about him." To read *Children of Violence* is to store up information which may someday prove important. The coherent pattern may come with volume five; but I have my doubts.

To Corrupt Absolutely

by Robert Yoakum

Fred Cook is one of the fastest typewriters in town. He has turned out a dozen books, ranging from a novel called *The Girl on the Lonely Beach* to an indictment of the military-industrial alliance entitled *The Warfare State*. His newspaper and magazine output would fill a file drawer. He can tell a tangled story clearly and interestingly, and, like the skilled rewrite man he once was, he can get it down on a minimum of paper. From the title of his new book to the photo on the book's cover, which shows a fist rammed through Uncle Sam's hat, to the last page, he hammers away with the stern oversimplifications of a movie district attorney. His charge is this: We live in a society that is totally corrupted by bigness, especially by corporate bigness, and the ethical state of the nation, once healthy, is rotten and getting worse.

The Corrupted Land
by Fred J. Cook
(Macmillian; $5.95)

The subtitle of the book is *The Social Morality of Modern America*, but if you take that to mean a review of our ethical strengths as well as weaknesses, forget it. Whatever Mr. Cook examines gives him proof that we are a "society in which money has become its own ethic," that fifty years ago or more the great mass of people adhered to "the Protestant ethic with its faith in hard work, in thrift, in truthfulness, in honesty, in honor," that in those relatively good old days "under the scum that covered so much of the upper surface of life, there was vigor and there was health," and that today ours is "a hypocritical society, one that loudly professes in words the ethics it has abandoned in deed."

Appended to his chunks of evidence – the Bobby Baker case, to which he devotes 75 pages; Billie Sol Estes (49 pages); and rigged TV quiz shows (33 pages) – Mr. Cook's vast and angry generalizations seem almost justified. But he repeats himself too often, stays pitched at the same level of indignation too long, ignores too much contradictory and inconvenient evidence, is sloppy about sources, and weighs down perfectly good stories with a heavy-handed insistence that all of them serve as proof of total ethical collapse. Not a sparrow falls that Cook doesn't hold up as Exhibit A. Cause of death: poisoning. Deeper cause: corporate corruption.

Let's look at a few of his ethical generalizations.

Item: After relating tales of people

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For the LEFT	Country of CONFLICT	For the RIGHT
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BLUME "The Eternal City"	Italy	O
MALRAUX "Man's Hope"	Spain	T
PICASSO "Guernica"	Spain	H
HEMINGWAY "For Whom the Bell Tolls"	Spain	I
BRECHT "Arturo Ui"	Germany	N
BECKMANN "Departure"	Germany	G
MALRAUX "Man's Fate"	China	

For 48 years the United States, bluntly ignoring the chart of art, has all too often favored rightist dictators and attacked the left. Nevertheless most of the world today is led by Marxists, either socialist or communist.

The U.S. can contain China. It cannot militarily suppress the ideas of Marxism. It needs friends among emerging independent leftist states like Vietnam and Yugoslavia.

All credit then to those who march for peace with the Viet Cong now. The God of Art marches with them, unconquerable by munitions and politicians, while the U.S. marches with General Ky, disciple of Hitler.

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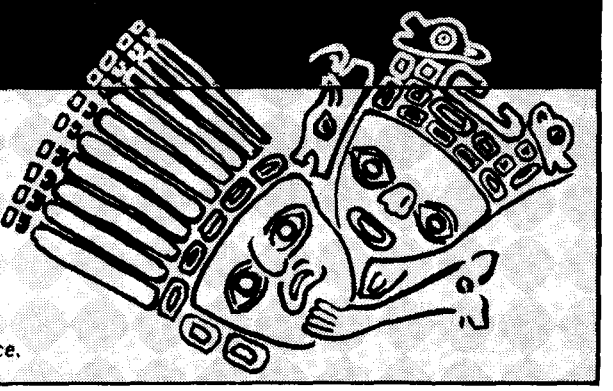

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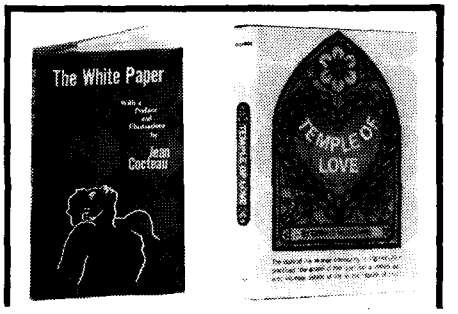

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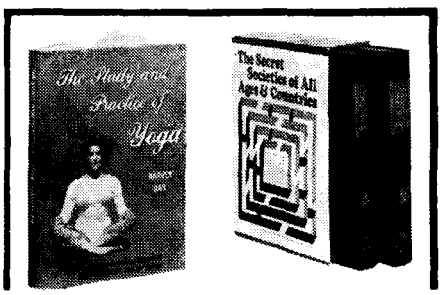

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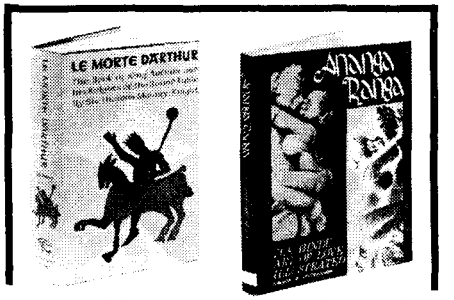

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who had been hurt by credit excesses in a society that encourages borrowing, Mr. Cook says: "Such individual tragedies have become commonplace in American society. They represent, of course, the wild excesses, not the norm. [Commonplace, but not the norm?] But they typify [Typical, but not normal? Commonplace, but wild excesses?] the atmosphere in a nation torn loose from the old moorings and careening on a reckless course, trying to shore up its god of maximum private profit. . . ."

Item: Billie Sol Estes flourished, says Mr. Cook, because "at no level of American life that he had touched – and he had touched them all – was there any valid, operative ethical concept." And later: "One of the more shocking features of the entire Billie Sol Estes case is that this unabashed acknowledgement of fraud by Estes does not seem to have shocked or disgusted anybody." This included Billie Sol's home town of Pecos, Texas, Mr. Cook makes clear, for "there was a decided tendency in the prairie country to root for its own, regardless of the ethics of the situation." But two pages later we learn that in 1960, two years before he was arrested, Billie Sol's decision to seek election as an elder in his church "tore the church apart" and resulted in the formation of a new congregation. A year later he decided to run for election to the local school board. Although unopposed on the printed ballot, he was "soundly trounced" by a last-minute *write-in candidate!* Billie clearly wasn't the apple of everybody's eye in Pecos, even at a time when his sins were only suspected.

Item: A boy, "the son of a minister in a large mission," stole more than $6,000 worth of merchandise from the warehouse of a wholesale drug company. Some other employees also stole. The boy said his father told him "that it's none of my business to discuss with the company what the other boys were doing." Here's what that story means to Mr. Cook: "When one finds even a minister taking such a casual attitude toward so serious a dereliction on the part of his son, one begins to understand the true dimensions of the ethical debacle in modern American life. It is a debacle founded upon a cynical lack of faith in the existence of standards at the top, compounded by the conviction that 'everybody's doing it' and a man is a fool if he doesn't, as business does, 'look out for No. 1'." It is also founded on the "deep-seated and smoldering resentment of many individuals . . . against the overwhelming and ruthless and impersonal corporate power that uses and drains and discards men." What words could Cook have found, I wonder, if the mission minister himself had transgressed?

This last story brings up the problem of sources. In *The Corrupted Land* there are no numbered references; the "Notes" in the back are often very general, and to make it worse, we sometimes find ourselves several degrees removed from the original source. (There is only one indication, by the way, that Mr. Cook did any interviewing himself, and that appears almost incidentally in one paragraph on planned obsolescence. The book seems to be altogether a rewriting of others' material.) For example, the account of the minister's son above that led to such an earthshaking judgment came to us via Mr. Cook who was quoting one Norman Jaspan, either in a speech or a book – it isn't clear which – and Mr. Jaspan was quoting an anonymous boy quoting his father.

On the subject of cheating in schools, Cook says that at one eastern school for women the faculty had drawn up a list of the fifteen traits the ideal student should possess – and intellectual integrity was last on their list. A parent who wanted to know *what* school had such a faculty (or what those other fourteen traits were) would have a tough time because Cook was quoting a Professor Philip Jacob, but not quoting him directly. He was quoting Jacob being quoted in the *Insider's Newsletter.*

At another point Cook refers to a survey of "marketing leaders" that resulted in "the picture of a society that, however much its leading practitioners may disapprove, is based on built-in obsolescence and deliberate, wholesale fraud." Maybe. But that's a big conclusion for a story quoting a Sylvia Porter column (no date) quoting a *Printers Ink* survey (no date) quoting "marketing leaders."

Imagine yourself at dinner where you want to share your new concern over (p. 91) "the depths to which the human species will stoop in this anything-goes world of IE [industrial espionage]." You might quote Cook's story of an oil-company executive who spilled company secrets to a beautiful girl whom he met on a lonely road beside a sports car with a flat tire. A modern Mata Hari, she was even "fashioned and tailored to the executive's taste." Those are the dirty tactics some businesses will use to get secrets, you might say in disgust. But would you relay the story if you realized that you were quoting Cook quoting Jack Smith in the *Los Angeles Times* quoting the Los Angeles investigator Harvey G. Wolfe? (And where did Wolfe get the story?) Wolfe is mentioned in the body of the text, but Smith has to be dug for in "Notes."

One last objection. Mr. Cook's relentless effort to document his title on

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every page has led him to miss altogether what I believe to be the biggest story – change. The most sulphurous corner of Hell should be reserved for critics who condemn authors for not writing books they, the critics, thought should be written. But it is fair, I think, to point out that the ground was shifting rapidly under Cook even as he was typing and reading proofs. Our respect for Cook the reporter would have been greater had he mentioned the increasing government role in the setting of prices in the long section dealing with price padding by business; had he concentrated as much on extortion by state officials in the section on road-building scandals as he did on bribery by business – and then gone on to tell a little about state government reform efforts; had he at least mentioned the great and continuing improvements in municipal government ethics in the section on police scandals, and so on.

He could also have moderated his Big Message with brief references to increased individual rights in our courts, to greater powers for regulatory agencies, to mass circulation magazines that now are willing to carry serious controversy, to the shift of many churches from being defenders to attackers of status quo morality, to the battles in big labor over ethical practices. News of successful pressures to improve safety controls over automobiles and food came too late to be included, but perhaps it wouldn't have been there anyway. Nothing is permitted on the bleak landscape of *The Corrupted Land* that diverts us from corporate iniquity.

Still, anyone with an active conscience who takes a detailed look at business ethics is likely to emerge in an overwrought state. Let's be grateful to Mr. Cook for taking us skillfully through the maze of the great electrical conspiracy and along the tortuous trail of Billie Sol Estes. Anyone who can hold our attention through cotton acreage allotments, surplus grain storage, razzle-dazzle credit schemes, and the mortgaging of leased non-existent fertilizer tanks is worth reading. So read him, but remember that while Mr. Cook has given us a fine description of a snake-like object, the rest of the elephant is still attached to that trunk.

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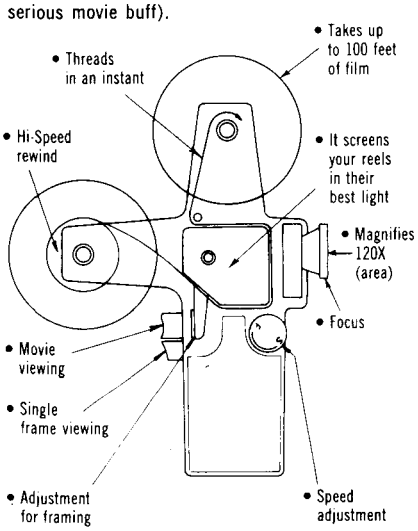
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The National Gallery Turns Twenty-five

In 1941, just as the several New Deal art programs were heading into their end phase, the government opened another window upon art in its acceptance of the National Gallery on the Mall in Washington as the gift of Andrew Mellon, former Secretary of the Treasury, Ambassador to Great Britain and, in the view of some, a talented tax-evader who was beating the rap by handing over an impressive collection of mostly Renaissance and 17th-Century pictures, along with a building to house them. That window is still open and the view is better than ever. The National Gallery of Art is currently celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary and is doing so with another Mellon collection; two of them, in fact – those of the two children of the original donor – Paul Mellon, now president of the gallery, and his sister, Mrs. Mellon Bruce. The difference between the Mellon focus a quarter-century ago and that of the present generation is instructive.

The two collections now on view at the Gallery are of French painting of the 19th Century – Impressionist you could say if you use that term as broadly as possible, to include, for instance, such post-Impressionists as Van Gogh and Gauguin, such predecessors as Corot and Courbet, and the "Intimists," Bonnard and Vuillard, who are really a special variety of delayed Impressionists. There are also some early-in-the-century pictures by Picasso, Matisse, the Douanier Rousseau and Utrillo. In both collections there are 248 pictures. With both Paul Mellon and his sister engaged in formidable enterprises through the various family foundations – Bollingen, Old Dominion and Avalon among them – and regular benefactors of the National Gallery and other institutions, it is fair to regard the collections of the two children, with that of their father, as prime examples of what Francis Henry Taylor called "the taste of angels." The pictures probably constitute the last private big haul of first-rate art from the entire period represented. The National's own collection of Italian, French, Spanish, German and Lowland paintings, led by the original enormous Mellon gifts and bequest, is exactly the same kind of achievement. No one is going to assemble that kind of run of pictures from the 13th through the 19th Century again, certainly not in America. Most of the countries of origin have enacted pretty stringent laws against the export of national treasures. So the younger Mellons operating essentially by themselves – their hired expertise consults on physical condition, not on taste – have in a sense duplicated their father's achievement.

In the process, Paul Mellon, who is certainly the most important collector of Impressionist paintings in this generation, and his sister have contributed mightily to the phenomenal price rise in the field. Having maintained successful anonymity, by using dealers as bidders, Mellon is revealed in the show at Washington as the buyer of the $650,000 Cezanne "Boy in the Red Vest" a few years back, and of the $800,000 Cezanne landscape last fall.

They did their buying in a seller's market, and they did so without the benefit of the formidable combination of Bernard Berenson and Lord Duveen. To be sure, the need of expertise in 19th-Century French painting today – despite the old saying that in his lifetime Corot painted some four thousand pictures of which ten thousand are in America – is much less than the same need in Italian Renaissance pictures in the first forty years of this century. But allowing for that, the two collections now on view at the National Gallery are different in kind from the grand survey of the best that had been

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Lawrence Graver *is on the English faculty of Williams College.* Robert Yoakum *is a former newspaperman who is writing a book on ethics in America since 1940.*

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painted in oil which formed the Mellon nucleus of the National Gallery.

This is not a matter of period, for the pictures now hung differ also in much the same way from the Chester Dale collection of the gallery, which hangs in adjacent rooms. Although the Dale and the younger Mellon collections cover roughly the same period and include very many of the same people, in one way the Dale pictures resemble more nearly the older Mellon pictures. Both the Dale Impressionists and the Mellon Renaissance masters are rather heavy with deliberately conceived and executed major works, paintings commissioned, painted and, after so many centuries, bought for the last time as definitely important artworks. This is true only of a very small number of the younger Mellon pictures. Quite a few are important as filling gaps in a painter's career, or as being the probable last large work available, *e.g.* the chill Seurat "Lighthouse at Honfleur." And there is importance in sheer number: a dozen Monets, 16 Boudins, 16 Bonnards, 13 Pissarros, 23 Vuillards. With this kind of depth you get the feel of a painter, the "amazing continuity" of his work. But many of the pictures are small and few of any size have that sharp impact of the important picture. One Mary Cassatt does: "Little Girl in a Blue Armchair," which places the subject in a space composition made of massive pieces of furniture going back into a room seen on the bias and somewhat compressed up to the picture plane.

A number of the Monets also have that star quality: the stair in his garden with color going off like rockets, a drift of poppies against golden grain, green grass and blue sky, an astonishing picture of Mme. Monet seen from below and close-in, standing atop a hillock and looking like a nature goddess unaccountably dressed up in the fussy clothes of the seventies.

Bonnard dominates the show not only in his paintings but, you finally grasp, in his tone. The second-generation Mellon collections are very attuned to the quiet spirit of the last of the Impressionists. He, too, is seen in at least three works that would stand up to anything as major efforts: a rich and juicy dining table loaded with color, a garden corner in the same manner and one of those evasive nudes, blue, cool, half seen through a couple of interior doorways or behind screen edges. But Bonnard in spirit is not the painter of major works in the way that Botticelli or Raphael, Manet or Gauguin are. Even his major works are quiet, unassuming, modest, slow to unfold.

This is the shift in the taste of angels. The older Mellon bought princely paintings because they were his due. His children buy some of the nicest enjoyment in the world.

Frank Getlein

Correspondence

Gas and Guerrillas

Sirs:

In reference to Dr. David Savitz's "Gas and Guerrillas – a Word of Caution" (March 19), I would like to add (a) the gradual escalation of chemical warfare includes not only the transition from the use of CB to the "spiced up" DM, but also the use of "incapacitating" (*i.e.* nerve) gas. It was used on December 23 and 25, 1964, in an attempt to free Americans imprisoned by the Viet Cong. (*London Observer*, October 30, 1965). The gas is said to cause "temporary mental derangement," but there is reason to believe that for some the derangement is permanent. (b) Use of chemical agents has been expanded in December, 1965, to Laos in efforts to expose the Ho Chi Minh trail. (c) The use of chemical agents in South Vietnam has been increased – 20,000 acres of rice fields and forests each month.

Such expanding use creates a serious danger that chemical warfare will be "conventionalized." One of the major deterrents against it, next to the fact that it is not a very effective weapon and that in most conflicts the adversary has it too, is the shock chemical warfare elicits from public opinion. In my judgment, continued use of any chemical agent will erode this reaction. The United States should be particularly interested in maintaining the taboo against chemical war because, unlike nuclear weapons, chemical agents can be mass-produced by poor and small

Perry Miller

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countries, and there is literally no limit to their proliferation.

The fact that the United States is using chemical agents, even of non-toxic type, has sharply limited its capacity to urge other countries to refrain from use of these weapons. When Egypt used *poisonous* gases in Yemen, the United States protest was considerably milder than when the Egyptians burned one USIA library.

Finally, Congress should conduct a hearing to explore the claims that chemical agents provide a "humane" form of warfare. According to industrial sources, the temporary effects of most gases depend on them being inhaled in "normal" dosages (see, for instance, publication of the American Chemical Society in 1965). But who under combat conditions will see to that? And, while other weapons can at least be directed to an enemy, a gas released goes any way the wind blows. It is a weapon least able to tell between civilians and enemy, children and soldiers.

Amitai Etzioni
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dr. Savitz makes a pretty weak case against the use of tear gas in Vietnam. If he is arguing that we shouldn't be in Vietnam, then I agree with him. But purely on the matter of tear gas and given our presence in Vietnam, he makes a weak case indeed.

Perhaps his one valid point concerns the possible lethality of tear gas if used improperly. But even this argument falls apart when one considers the alternatives. The alternatives are flame throwers, grenades, napalm or just plain old killing. As for crossing a threshold, the link that tear gas has with the highly lethal nerve gases is purely chemical; to compare them as far as combat is concerned is to compare a firecracker with an H-bomb. . . . There may be the dim possibility that such things as tear gas may open up areas of "non-lethal" combat. At any rate, were I a Vietnamese peasant, I would much rather be tear gassed than napalmed if given the choice.

Alfred J. Alcorn
Montgomery, Alabama

Nkrumah and South Africa

Sirs:

In his political post mortem of Kwame Nkrumah, Russell Warren Howe ("Ghana Without the Redeemer," March 12) stretches the truth more than one would expect to find it stretched in *The New Republic*. Among several unsubstantiated accusations, the charge that Ghana under Nkrumah was "the single greatest evader of the African economic boycott of South Africa" is particularly untrue. Having done much research into the trade patterns of the Republic of South Africa, I know for a fact that the African countries which have not cut off trade with South Africa are above all Zambia (under Kaunda) and Congo (under Tshombe and Mobutu), those African countries whose economies are dominated by foreign-owned mining companies. On the other hand, Ghana, with Tanzania, Uganda, Kenya, Mali and Guinea, has consistently been making every effort to eliminate trade with South Africa.

In view of the importance of the issues, I should very much like to know the sources of Mr. Howe's information, or misinformation. Incidentally, the much-touted American loan to Ghana for the Volta River Project, for which we seem to think Nkrumah should have groveled at our feet, went not to the government of Ghana but to a consortium of American aluminum companies. Nkrumah must not have been the wisest of politicians, for he is now out; but neither will those prove wise who fail to acknowledge the problems of neo-colonialism.

Alvin W. Wolfe
Washington University

In reply . . .

In 1964, a year after Addis Ababa, the President of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange informed me that only two African countries that formerly traded with South Africa had applied a total boycott – the Congo and Kenya. Several countries had reduced trade slightly, but some had actually increased it. In particular, Tanzania had upped its purchases of South African fish, while Ghana had tripled its normal annual order of South African heavy mining machinery – apparently in case other African countries eventually pressured Ghana and other defaulters into applying the boycott. Ghana still buys more South African cigarettes than any other imported brands. In January, Nkrumah took advantage of the British boycott of Rhodesia, and the consequent deflated price of Rhodesian leaf, to buy Rhodesian tobacco. It is similarly inaccurate to say Guinea and Mali were "making every effort" to eliminate trade with South Africa, since these countries never traded with South Africa. Technically, it is true, Zambia is an even greater boycott-evader than Ghana, but it is surely only fair to regard Zambia as a special case, manifestly anxious to boycott both South

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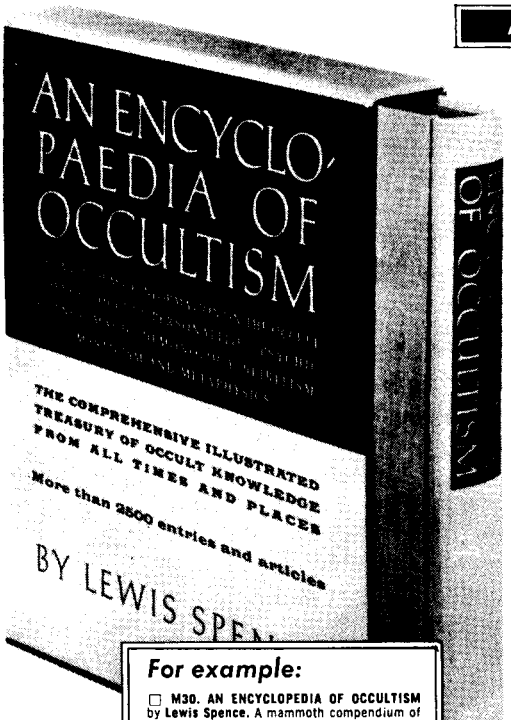
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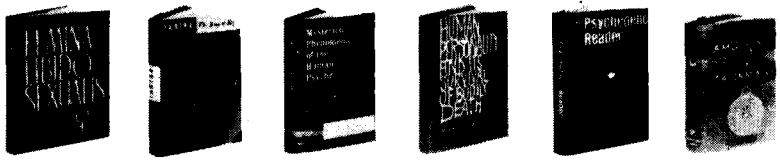

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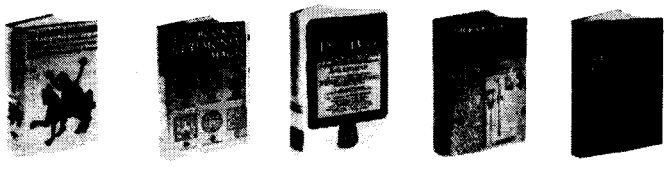

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Africa and Rhodesia once not only alternative supply sources but also alternative supply routes are developed. The apparently irrelevant remarks of Mr. Wolfe's about Volta aid amount to saying that a bank mortgage is really money lent to a building firm. The beneficiary of Volta aid is, of course, the owner of the Akosombo power station – the Ghanaian government, which borrowed the money to pay the consortium which built the dam and generator. Lastly, through his attempts to annex Togo, subvert the African governments of Kamerun, Niger, Liberia and a host of other countries, and sabotage all attempts at African unity in which he did not figure in a leading role, Nkrumah was surely the biggest – and perhaps the only true – neocolonialist in contemporary Africa.

Russell Warren Howe

Humphrey on Vietnam

Sirs:

Says TRB (March 5) concerning the Vietnam controversy: "There's no doubt where Hubert Humphrey stands in all this. He is part of the Administration counterattack. . . . We think it takes courage to do what he's doing. For he is cutting himself loose from the liberal wing that has always supported him." Indeed? When did TRB become Membership Chairman of the "liberal wing"? And with whose authority does he expel Humphrey from the troop?

As one who has earned her merit badges in the liberal wing of the Democratic Party in working for such candidates as Helen Gahagan Douglas, Adlai Stevenson, and John Kennedy, I wish to state I support the President's policy. There are many of us liberals who believe that the vocal dissenters are naïve and unrealistic in their complacent appraisal of the aims of Marxist China. We therefore consider the position of the Johnson-Humphrey Administration as the wiser one – and, in the long view, probably the less costly one in terms of lives and international peace.

But most importantly, liberals more than all others should be aware of the complexities of foreign policy and the difficulties of finding completely satisfying solutions. When they over-simplify to the extent of declaring (even by implication) that anyone who disagrees with the Morse-Fulbright view is not a liberal, they display the same rigidity and fanaticism that they deplore in others.

Betty Bavier
Studio City, California

Gideon's Army

Sirs:

Paul Seabury (March 19) offers a lame conclusion to your interesting series on the New Left. When types like Mr. Seabury, Mr. Beer and Mr. Roche profess political science in the very best schools and make it to the top in Americans for Democratic Action, it does seem time for a New Left.

"Obviously there are some in the New Left who will fink out and end up enjoying the Establishment power they now do not esteem." I too expect that some very good leaders are going to develop in a New Left background. The time seems ripe for small group social innovation.

"Self-determination is great for some Asian nations, except Tibetans." Does Mr. Seabury know members of the New Left who do not believe in self-determination for Tibetans or Hungarians, members who are apologists for Stalinist Eichmanns? Isn't Mr. Seabury mixing the New Left up with the Old Left, just as Mr. Rusk gets mixed up on how to tell an aggressor from a native? A member of the New Left believes home is where to begin. There are enough homegrown Eichmannite specimens, busy planning and rationalizing bombing, crop destruction and defoliation, use of gas and napalm on South Vietnamese.

The New Left need not be as concerned as Mr. Seabury with power and powerlessness. Power belongs at the center. But if the New Left remains authentic, the center will move.

Eugene Prange
East Boston, Mass.

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